

Pope Julius the Second, *4/06 a. 71 13 0/6*

A Comical and Facetious

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

JULIUS II,

EVIL GENIUS,

AND

St. PETER.

Written originally in *Latin* by

The Great *ERASMUS*;

And now Translated into *English*,

By *Philanglus Miso Papas*.

Lector Risum Cohibe.

DUBLIN:

Printed for *J. Leathley*, at the Corner
of *Sycamore-Ally*, in *Dame-street*, 1719.

Pope Julius the Second

A Contemporary Engraving

DIALOGUE

Between the Pope and the Emperor

On the State of the Church



By J. B. P. T. E. P.

With an Introduction by the Author

The Author is a Member of the

Academy of the Holy Spirit

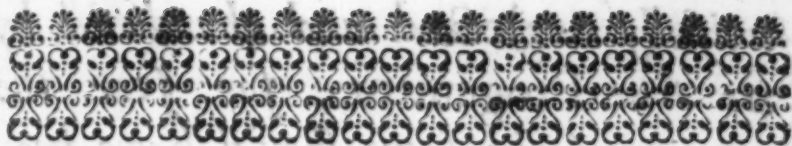
at the University of Rome

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T H E
P R E F A C E.



H I S Dialogue at first made its Entrance into the World Incognito, and so continu'd for above an Hundred and Sixty Years; till at last it was found to be the Off-spring of the Learned Erasmus, that inimitable Master of Dialogizing. Thus many an Infant, tho' most exactly well Fea.

and consummately Pretty, has been wilfully neglected and abandon'd by its true Progenitor, for fear the owning of the same shou'd have been attended with ill Consequences, as in such Cases it frequently happens. The Secret perhaps is kept for a considerable Time, till some Body arises who is well vers'd in the Father's Physiognomy, Eclaircises the Matter, discovers the Bantling's Original, and all's out.

The ensuing Dialogue is a Parallel Instance; which tho' it was the Genuine Issue of the inimitable Erasmus's Brain, yet the World was not sensible of it for above an Age. The Great Author, for important Reasons, chose to be Anonymous all his Life-time; and remain'd in the same Obscurity, till a Critical and
Judi-

Judicious Comparer of some Places in his Epistles, with others in this ingenious Performance, has given such ample Demonstrations of its Genealogy, as leaves no room to question hereafter from whence it came, and to whom it belongs.

A Conference is prefix'd by the Publisher to the Original of the following Dialogue, which gives a very satisfactory Account of the just Conjectures in this Point. I have not inserted the same here, yet I deem'd it not improper to give a small Sketch of its Design.

He there recites several Passages which he has collected from Erasmus's Familiar Epistles, as also from this Conference; whose Harmonious Agreement in Sense, and sometimes a very Identity

Identity of Expression, undeniably proves that they both had one common Parent.

The same Critick likewise, from his accurate Observations of the Epistles of Erasmus, informs us, that the Occasion of writing this Satyrical Dialogue, was his being present when this proud Military Pope made his Triumphal Entrance into Bononia, and the inveterate Hatred which he conceiv'd against him for that Anti-Christian Pageantry. After which Information, we need not wonder why he so industriously conceal'd himself; he being then actually within the Verge of his Holiness's Vindictive Resentments, and very much in Society with the most rigid Papal Devotees. He tells us moreover, That the Scarcity of this Book proceeds from the
in-

indefatigable Pains of the Jesuits, who engross'd 'em all to themselves, not for Love, but Fear; not out of Veneration for them, but on purpose to suppress and demolish them. Which End they had well nigh attain'd, for not above one or two found the way into this Nation. One of which accidentally being lodg'd in a worthy Gentleman's Library, by his Consent was communicated to the World, and printed at Oxford in the Year 1680. Which Impression is by some means or other, (perhaps by the same Jesuitical Precaution as before) so taken care of, that not many of the same are now visible.

They that value Erasmus's Writings, must of necessity have a kind Regard for the following Piece; which whosoever peruses in its Native Language,

guage, will confess it to be no way inferior to any of his Works of that kind, in Festivity and Elegance, if not superiour.

The Translation of this Dialogue, I acknowledge wants much of that Vivacity and Poignancy for which the Original is so remarkable : Neither has it any thing else to recommend it, more than the good Design of diverting the English Readers, as also at the same time, of exploding the Superbe Pontiff of Rome, and all his Adherents, and raising a just Aversion against their detestable Religion; which they wou'd fain introduce and plant in our Realm, and from which, by the benign Providence of the Almighty Protector, we have very lately been so gloriously deliver'd.

Pope



POPE JULIUS II.

A

DIALOGUE.

JULIUS. High Day! no opening of the Doors? what a plague's the Matter? I fancy the Lock is chang'd, or confoundedly out of order.

Gen. See whether you have apply'd the right Key.

Ful. The Key is right enough, 'tis my Key of Power.

Gen. If that won't do, try your Key of Knowledge.

Ful. I never had it in my Life-time. Nor do I see any occasion there can be for that superfluous Key; when the other is in my Possession.

Gen. I am afraid it will do us but little good at this present Juncture. The Lock is very particular; strong, and crosswarded.

Ful. Let it be never so strong, what then, Imper-
tinent?

Gen. What then? why then we are like to be shut
out, that's all.

Ful. Shut out! ha, ha, ha; a Pope shut out of Hea-
ven! that wou'd be a strange Piece of News.

Gen. Perhaps not so strange as true.

B

Ful. III

Jul. I'll try that immediately ; you shall soon be undeceiv'd. Hey ! who waits there ? what are ye all Deaf

Gen. For ought I can perceive, we may stand here knocking our Heels to all Eternity ; or (which is most probable) be forc'd to adjourn to some other Place.

Jul. This unmannerly Usage provokes me to the highest degree. I'll thunder at the Doors, but I'll make 'em hear with a vengeance. What, Hoa ! come and open the Door some of you in a Moment— What can be the Meaning of all this ? No Body to give due Attendance !— What is this loytring Porter a doing ? Sure he is fast asleep, snorting and snoring after a drunken Bout.

Gen. How charitably he judges, and (according to the Proverb) measures other People's Corn by his own scandalous Bushel !

Pet. 'Tis well we have here an Adamantine Portal, which defys all Violence either Human or Diabolical, otherwise it were now in danger of being broke by some Body's rude Attacks. Perhaps it is one of the gigantick Race, or some troublesome Hector, or some domineering Potentate, that thus with Authority takes upon him to command the Gates to be open'd. But, O Heavens ! what abominable Stench is this ? enough to corrupt the Sweetness of our Celestial Air. Before I admit any one, I'll look thro' the Lattice, and see who this unfavoury new Guest is, and examine him a little. Who are you ? whence come you ? and what's your Business ?

Jul. Pray be not so full of your Questions, but open in a Minute. 'Twas your Place and Duty to have met me with your Celestial Courtiers dress'd in all their Formalities.

Pet. Say you so ? 'tis pity we were not sooner appriz'd of the coming of so distinguish'd a Person, that we might have done you Justice. But I must crave leave of your Haughtiness to let me understand
who

who you are, and what right you have for such extraordinary Respect to be paid you.

Ful. What, I warrant, you don't see who I am!

Pet. See! yes truly I do see, an odd and uncouth Spectacle, an hideous kind of Monster in my Judgment.

Ful. You are in a bantring Mood I perceive; but if you are not as blind as a Post, you can't be ignorant of this *Key*, this *Triple Crown*, and these *Robes* glistering with Gold and Diamonds.

Pet. A fine Silver Key truly you have got, a solitary one, and that nothing at all like those which Christ the true Shepherd of the Church once deliver'd into my custody. And as for that same vain glorious Crown which you boast of, I can't tell what to make on't; but methinks 'tis such an exalted piece of Pride, as the most insulting Heathenish Tyrant wou'd be asham'd of; much more shou'd a Candidate for this Place be a Stranger to such Luciferian Inflations. Neither do your splendid Habilitments attract my notice, who always set at nought Gold, Jewels, and all Trumpery of that Nature, valuing them no more than the Dirt under my Feet. But upon a closer view of your fine Accoutrements, methinks they discover you to be a notorious Impostor, by affixing my Name to your *Key*, *Crown* and *Pall*; which strutting Dress I never had any thing to do with; it is rather taken from the Wardrobe of that *Simon*, whom by Christ's Assistance I once most signally overthrew.

Ful. Leave your Babbling if you know when you are well; I am not to be trifled with. And if you are so dull as to want Information, know that I am no less a Person than the thrice renown'd *Julius*, whom *Liguria* had the Honour to produce. And for your further Satisfaction, view these embroidered Letters, *S. P. H. F.* if ever you learned your *A, B, C.* from them you may gather my Title and honourable Place. You can't be so stupid as not to know their Meaning.

B 2

Pet. Tit

Pet. 'Tis probable those Letters may stand for, *Simoniackal, Pestilent, Horrid, Fellow.*

Gen. Ha, ha, he. How exactly he has hit the Nail on the Head!

Ful. No Sauce-box; they stand for *Supreme, Pontifical, Holy, Father.*

Pet. I was widely mistaken it seems in my Conjecture. But be you never so Supreme, here is no room for you in this Place, unless you have been Good as well as Great, and an Holy as well as an High Pontif.

Ful. Marry g'ap, you are very nice in chusing your Company it seems. But let me tell you, that if being Holy is so material a Qualification, then are you not a little impudent to make any demur about my Entrance, since I was always grac'd with the Title of most *Holy Father*, which is more than ever you was. You for so many Ages past have never been call'd one jot more than plain *Sanctus*; but all the World allow'd me the superlative Degree, and call'd me *Sanctissimus*, as may be testified by some Thousands of my *Bulls*.

Gen. Bubbles, properly speaking, or Bawbles; either Name will besit 'em.

Ful. In which never enough to be rever'd *Bulls* of mine, I am not only call'd *Holy* and *Most Holy*, but *Holiness* it self in the Abstract. And whatsoever I was pleas'd to transact.

Gen. Tho' Drunk or Mad.

Ful. The same was affirm'd to be done by his Holiness the most *Holy Father Julius*.

Pet. Een let them who bestow'd such fine Compliments of Holiness, bestow Happiness upon you; and let the same fulsome Flatterers who dub'd you such a sanctified Person, procure Heaven for you if they can. But, if I may ask one civil Question, is there no difference, think you, between Holiness in meer Title, and Holiness in reality?

Ful. I han't patience with your Impertinence; were I but alive again, your Holiness and Happiness which

which you so much crack of should never disturb me, you might e'en keep 'em to yourself, for the Devil a rush should I value 'em.

Pet. An extraordinary devout Speech truly, and a Demonstration of a great deal of inward Sanctity ! But no better can be expected from one, in whose Composition, upon a thorough view, I perceive real Holiness to be the least Ingredient. And of this your Companions are a clear Evidence. What else can be the Meaning of such a strange unpontifical Retinue of above Twenty Thousand People, which you have brought along with you ? Among all which Throng, not one can I see that has the least stricture of a Christian Countenance. They appear to me to be the very scum and dregs of Humankind. Fogh ! how vigorously they smell of Mercury, Brimstone ; Brandy, Gun-powder and Tobacco ! They look as if they had been a Crew of mercenary Cut-throats from their Cradles. Or rather Hell seems to have disembogu'd its ugly Fiends, which are advancing hither to make once more an audacious Attempt against Heav'n's King. Prodigious ! the more I look, the more I am amaz'd ; how little of the Apostolick Pastor is to be discern'd ? what's the Meaning of that preposterous Garb, sacerdotal Habilliments on the outside, and under those, bloody Weapons, and rattling Armour ? What mean those fell Eyes, that domineering Aspect, that menacing Brow ? To my shame and grief I speak it, there is not one Part about you but exhibits a plain Indication of a most profligate Russian. Ev'n at this present Time your Hiccups and Belchings betray your riotous Courses ; nay, if I am not mistaken, I but just now saw you a spewing. Out you Beast !

Gen. How he describes him to a Hair, and sets him out in his proper Colours ?

Pet. Aye, you may knit your Brows and look as stern as you please, yet I shall take the Freedom to declare my Thoughts. You appear to me rather

like the Heathen *Julius* your Namesake, than a Pope; more like a General, than a Prelate.

Ful. Ma. di. si.

Pet. What does he say?

Gen. He is in a vehement Rage now; whenever he open'd in that Manner, not a Cardinal durst continue in his Presence, unless he had a mind to have his Brains knock'd out with his Holiness's Cudgel.

Pet. I perceive you are intimately acquainted with him; may I crave your Name?

Gen. I am the *Genius* of the great *Julius*.

Pet. The *Evil Genius* I suppose.

Gen. Good or Bad, I am *Julius's*:

Ful. Come prithee leave fooling, and open the Doors in a trice, unless you have a Mind to have 'em forc'd open. I shall be very concise with you; don't you see what sort of Gentlemen I retain? I shall let my booted Apostles loose upon you.

Pet. Yes verily I do behold a parcel of consummate Rakes by their Physiognomies, who questionless would be turbulent and boisterous enough if it lay in their Power. But pray take notice that an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven is to be gain'd by a Violence quite different from what you threaten.

Ful. Enough of your Babble; do what I order you immediately; or expect no Quarter. I shall in the first Place thunder out my Excommunication against you, with which I have terrified Kings, and shook the Foundations of their Kingdoms. See here I have a Bull ready for the same purpose, I shan't spare you.

Pet. What Thunder and Lightning, what terrible Bulls are these you talk of? we never so much as heard of any such Things as Bulls mention'd by Jesus Christ.

Ful. You shall experience what they are to your cost, if you provoke me one Minute longer.

Pet. Per-

Pet. Perhaps you may formerly have frightened the Ignorant with your Bugbears, but they will not be regarded here. This Fortrefs is to be taken by good Actions, and not by Arrogant Speeches. But I should be glad to know by what Authority you pretend to menace me with Excommunication.

Ful. By Authority good enough; for you having been dead for many Years, are no more than a private Person now, and may be dealt with as such.

Pet. If Death debars us from all terrestrial Power and Jurisdiction, methinks you shoud be in the same Case with myself as to that, since you have bid adieu to the sublunary World as well as I, and have as little to do with it.

Ful. There you betray your Stupidity. For 'tis well known, that so long as the Conclave have not determin'd the choice of a new Pope, the whole Administration of Affairs runs in my Name; so that I am not so entirely dead yet as you imagine.

Gen. How deliriously he fancies himself still alive!

Ful. Come, come, open the Door.

Pet. Until I am a little better convinc'd of your Christian Life and Conversation, I shall not hearken to you.

Ful. What does he mean, what would he be convinc'd of?

Pet. I'll tell you in few Words what I mean. Have you been sedulous in Propagating the Doctrine of Christ?

Ful. No truly, I had other Fish to fry. I was too much engag'd in Wars to trouble myself with such Matters. There were Jesuits, Priests, Monks and Friars enow, whose Trade it was to mind that Formality.

Pet. Did your shining Example attract a great many Souls to God?

Gen. A great many to the Devil I am sure.

Pet. Were your Affections set much more on heavenly than earthly Things? Did you seek the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness in the first Place? Were your Prayers frequent and fervent, pious and pure?

Ful. What canting Stuff is all this?

Pet. Did you mortify your sensual Appetites, was you crucified to the Poms and Vanities of the World, have you been blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to Hospitality, apt to teach, not given to Wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient; not a brawler, not covetous?

Gen. You must look some where else for such Qualifications; I'll assure you 'tis but time lost to put any such Interrogatories to him.

Pet. These I am sure are the expected Endowments of a supreme Pastor; if he knows any that be more Apostolical, let him declare 'em; I know of none.

Ful. Tho' 'tis beneath the illustrious *Julius*, (who never yet submitted so low as to give an Account of himself to any Person whatsoever) to truckle to *Peter*, who at the best was but a scrubby Fisherman, and next Door to a Beggar; yet for once I'll condescend to tell you, that you may be sensible of what Rank and Quality the Person is whom you treat so unmannerly, and may beg my Pardon. Know then I am a Native of *Liguria*, not a contemptible *Jew* as you was; in the next Place I was Nephew to *Sixtus*, a Pontif very remarkable.

Gen. For his Vices he means.

Ful. By whose good Graces, and my own indefatigable Industry I wrigg'd into the best Preferments; and at last from one degree to another, I arriv'd to a Cardinal's Hat. I confess after that, for some time I was made Fortune's Foot-ball, as it were, and toss'd up and down by divers calamitous Accidents; afflicted moreover with variety of Disempers, and amongst the rest, the French Pox (as they

they call it) To all which evil Circumstances I may add, that I was hated by ev'ry Body, and was look'd upon then as a meer Abject. Notwithstanding all which Discouragements, I was not to be beat off from a firm Persuasion, that, maugre all Obstacles, I shou'd be Pope before I died. And here I can't forbear observing, what opposite Impressions one of the Female Sex made on you and me. A Woman struck you into a sudden Fear, (as I have been told) damp'd your Courage, and quite dispirited you. But a Woman (a Witch of my old Acquaintance) was the main Encourager of my resolute Designs. She once on a certain Time, when I was embarrass'd with a multitude of Troubles, and almost sinking under them, came privately, and whisper'd in my Ear these consolatory Words : " My dear *Julius*, " (quoth she) be not daunted, but persevere in your " Attempts. Flinch at nothing, be ready to do or " suffer any thing with Intrepidity. The Time " shall certainly come to pass, when a Triple " Crown shall adorn thy Temples, and thou shalt " be stil'd King of Kings, and sublime Lord of " Lords." Nor was this infernal Oracle mistaken; for wading thro' all Difficulties, at length, to the Amazement of all Mankind, I mounted to the Meridian of my Glory; And this I atchiev'd in a great Measure by the Aid of the Lady *Pecunia*, the chief Commander of all Terrestrial Things. Now to procure a large quantity of the Sovereign Coin, I made use of some Stratagems wherein I shew'd myself a great Master of Ingenuity.

Pet. Pray may I hear some Instance of your transcendant Parts?

Jul. You shall. I procur'd a great deal of Money from the Clergy, by making lusty Promises of the fattest Benefices: And my Method was to tell each particular Person in private, that in case I should be advanc'd to the Triple Crown, such a Dignity, or such a Preferment shou'd be his; promising the same Thing to twenty People, enjoyning ev'ry one
to

to keep secret what I communicated to him: Thus tickling their Ears with the bewitching Sounds of good Livings, Priories, Abbeys and Bishopricks; and others with hopes of Civil and Military Offices, I drain'd the *Dupes* considerably. Nor was I less busy with those of the highest Rank, whose Suffrages I knew carried a great stroke in the Election of a Pontif. Of these I took up great Sums, not boggling at the most extravagant Interest; by which Means I contracted Debts too large for any Person less than a Sovereign Power to repay. So that when the Chair was vacant, my Dependants and Creditors strove Tooth and Nail to get me in, that I might be capacitated to clear my Scores. This I imagin'd would be the Consequence of my running deep in Debt, (for I had always a plaguy long Head) and so it prov'd. But 'tis in vain to tell you all the Tricks I made use of to amass up Wealth; they are Mysteries out of your reach, intelligible only to Stock-jobbers, Bankers, and the Trading Part of the World. Thus I have let you into the Secret how I obtain'd the Chair of Infallibility. In the next Place I'd have you to know that I behav'd myself in that Station so cleverly, that Christ himself and his whole Church was never half so much beholden to any of the Primitive Bishops of *Rome*, (who indeed were but Shadows of Bishops not worth mentioning) nor to any of the Modern Popes, who infinitely surpass those of the first Ages; I say again, Christ was never so much indebted to any of them all, so deeply as he is to me.

Gen. What a vapouring Monster 'tis!

Pet. You speak great Things of your self, I long to hear 'em made evident.

Ful. You must understand then, I invented a great many new Offices, never heard of before; and some ingenious Taxations, such as laying a Duty upon Brothel-Houses, and all Dealers in Venereal Ware; this brought in Cash considerably into the Pontifical Treasury. Then I had a pretty Way of
selling.

selling Bishopricks, and yet there was no Simony in the Case, as you shall hear. It was an Antient Constitution, that when any one was to be promoted to a Bishoprick, he was to make a formal Surrender of the same, and modestly to refuse it. Now I made this Interpretation of that old Custom; when any Person came to me on that Account, I told him he must first make an actual Resignation of a Bishoprick; but none can be said to resign what he never was in Possession of; therefore he must first Purchase, that he may with Propriety of Speech be said to lay it down. And this I justified to be sufficiently Legal, and far from being Simoniackal; for it was return'd to him freely without Price, after the ceremonious Surrender of his Purchase. By this subtile Device, I made Six or Seven Thousand Ducats of every Bishoprick, besides customary Fees for their Instruments, which I skrew'd up pretty high. Besides all this, I rais'd no small Sum from a new Coin, with which I furnish'd all *Italy*. In a Word, I made it my only Business to heap up Riches, being well appriz'd of their Universal Power, and that no Affairs either of Church or State cou'd go on prosperously without them. But to proceed, I shall now give you a small Sketch of my more important Exploits. I restor'd *Bonomia*, which had been possess'd by the *Bentivoli*, to the Papacy; I routed the *Venetians* at Sea, who till that Time had been invincible; I had well nigh brought the Duke of *Ferrara* into my Toils, after his having been long harra's'd with a vexatious War. I luckily shifted off a damn'd Schismatical Conventicle that was design'd against me, by another Sham Council of mine, conven'd in opposition to them; so that according to the old Proverb, I made one Nail drive out another. Then for the *French*, who bore a formidable Sway, and were justly to be dreaded by all the *European* Princes, whenever they threatned an Enlargement of their Territories; Them, I say, (notwithstanding their King had been wondrous helpful
to

to me) I sent packing out of *Italy*; and was just come to the Point of ferreting the *Spaniards* out, if the too rigid Fates had not snatch'd me from the Land of the Living, and put a stop to my Career. I vow, *Peter*, I had always a noble undaunted Spirit, I fear'd neither God nor Man, nor was I ever dejected in my Life-time above once: and once indeed my Courage was somewhat cast down, my Affairs being brought to a confounded low Ebb, so that I began to be in a desponding Condition; when lo! a Heavenly Courier brought me Intelligence of several Thousands of the *French* kill'd at *Ravenna*.

This reviv'd old *Julius* i'faith, insomuch that for Joy I was resolv'd to appear young again, by mowing off a swinging Hoary Beard, which I had nurs'd up for a pretended shew of Gravity. In a Word, what with my roaring Leonine Power, and what with my Serpentine Wiles, I play'd my Part incomparably; embroiling all the Christian World in Wars; breaking, frustrating, disuniting all their Leagues, Confederacies, and Alliances, tho' never so closely and sacredly contracted. And to crown all my Adventures, tho' I kept up a prodigious Standing Armament, exhibited a great many triumphal, sumptuous Pageants, was at the sole Charge of several glorious Theatrical Diversions, built so many splendid Edifices, yet I died worth Fifty Hundred Thousand Pound. I am positive I should have done greater Miracles, if that circumcis'd Disciple of *Hippocrates*, my Physician, who kept me alive a considerable Time purely by Art, could possibly have spun out my Thread any longer. It would be an eternal Satisfaction to me, if e'en now, the Devil or some of his Agents cou'd by Art Magick help me to one turn more upon Earth, whereby I might have an Opportunity of giving the finishing Stroke to my Divine Undertakings. As far as lay in my Power, on my Death-bed, I took all possible Care and Precaution, that the Flame of those Combustions which I had blown up all over the World should
not

not be extinguish'd. To which end I securely settled vast Sums to be appropriated to that very Use and Purpose, namely, to keep up the foremention'd Hostilities ; after which Pious and Devout Injunctions I breath'd out my last. And now have you the Conscience to scruple the opening of Heaven's Gate, to one, who has been so preciously advantageous to Christ and his Church, so meritorious beyond all my Predecessors ? Consider moreover, (which adds not a little to my Praise) that I perform'd all these Things which I have mention'd by my own sheer Prowess, being oblig'd to no Assistance of any kind whatsoever, such as usually facilitate the Attempts of others. I am sure I ow'd no Encouragement to Greatness of Birth, being so obscure as to that Point, that I never knew who begot me. Neither did Comeliness or Beauty recommend me. For I had a hagg'd Phiz : Nor was Learning any of my Talents, forasmuch as I had always an Aversion to Books ; nor was Strength of Body a Perfection belonging to me, because (as I have already hinted,) my Constitution was miserably broken with Pox and other Distempers ; nor had I the Benefit of Youth, being an old Fellow when I began to rise ; neither was my prosperous Gale owing to the Air of Popularity, since every Body hated me as the Devil. And lastly, it could not possibly be said, that I insinuated myself into the Affections of People, by the Clemency and Sweetness of my Temper, when 'tis well known I was as implacable and cruel as a Tyger rob'd of her Whelps towards most People, but especially towards those who were most my Benefactors ; confirming the old Observation, that 'tis dangerous highly to oblige Great Persons.

Pet. This is prodigious indeed.

Gen. Tho' lying has been customary with him, yet he speaks Truth at present, I'll vouch for him.

Ful. But

Ful. But, as I was telling you, I stem'd the Tide against all the foresaid Disadvantages, and chiefly by my own indefatigable Activity, (maugre all the Opposition of God or Men) I and my Money wrought our way, put Nations into a ferment, and cut out Work sufficient to keep 'em in Employment for one Ten Years at least. I don't tell a word of Falsity in the whole Relation of my Actions; which if they were to be amplified with Flourishes of Speech by some of my obsequious Orators, who were always in readiness to extol me with their Panegyricks at *Rome*, you wou'd swear then you heard the Description of a Deity rather than a Mortal.

Pet. Thou peerless Man of War! forasmuch as these Passages of your Life are so strange, and such as I never before now was acquainted with, pardon my Amazement and Curiosity if I prove a little more inquisitive than ordinary, and desire to be inform'd somewhat more fully in several Particulars of what you have related, and what I see myself. In the first place, what is the meaning of those youthful effeminate Attendants of yours, so sprucely deck'd and trim'd up?

Ful. They are such as I keep for some uncommon and special Diversions.

Pet. And what are those of a contrary Aspect, namely those swarthy Fellows, with their Faces full of Cuts and Scars?

Ful. They are Officers and Soldiers, who died in the Bed of grinning Honour, whilst they gallantly fought for me and the Church. Some fell in aiding me to recover *Bononia*, some in my Battles against the *Venetians*; and a multitude of them were slain at *Ravenna*. To all which noble Army of Martyrs, Heaven is their proper Due by Contract; I myself having promis'd under Hand and Seal, that all those who lost their Lives under the Banner of Pope *Julius*, shou'd directly march to Heaven, without the least Examination how they liv'd.

Pet. If

Pet. If I am not mistaken, some of those very People were exceeding troublesome to me a little before your Arrival, blustering and threatening to enter here by Violence; and to justify their Proceedings, they produc'd some leaden-stamp'd Parchments, or Tickets, which they said they had from you, but I did not regard 'em.

Ful. I am perfectly astonish'd; what not give 'em entrance!

Pet. I give 'em entrance? no truly, nor to any such Martyrs, as you call 'em. My Orders from Christ Jesus are not to open these Celestial Doors to the Bearers of Popes ridiculous Permits or Mandates, but to those only whose Lives and Conversations have been such as become Christians: *Who have fed the Hungry, gave Drink to the Thirsty, cloath'd the Naked, visited the Sick and Imprison'd.* If some are renounc'd *who have prophesj'd in Christ's Name, and in his Name have cast out Devils, and done many wonderful Works;* if such Professors, who seemingly were so well acquainted with him, are deny'd Admission into Heaven, think you that a paltry Recommendation in *Julius's* Name will signify any thing?

Ful. Had I been certified of your disobeying my Order——

Pet. I guess your meaning. That is, if any of your Favourites had come to you from their Infernal Abodes, and had told you how basely I had serv'd 'em, then I must have been corrected I suppose.

Ful. True enough; I should certainly have excommunicated you.

Pet. Very well; but answer me a little further: What is the fancy of yourself being arm'd?

Ful. Marry! as if the Pope had not Authority to make use of the Sword as it is taken in both Senses; or how should I engage with my Enemies without Weapons?

Pet:

Pet. I know not what absolute Necessity you had for Martial Engagements : I am sure all the time of my Apostleship, I knew the Management of no other Sword besides that of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

Ful. If it were true what you say of yourself, 'tis owing to your Dulness for not knowing the Extent of your Commission. Though I am not, nor ever was, much acquainted with the New Testament, (as they call it) yet from that little that I have heard, I am sure I can make it evident to any vulgar Capacity, that you and all your Successors were authoriz'd to use the Temporal, as well as the Spiritual Sword.

Pet. Pray favour me with your Evidence.

Ful. Can't you recall to your Memory, a Passage, that when two Swords were offer'd to Christ by some of you, did not he say, It is enough ?

Pet. True ; what then ?

Ful. What then ! why what could have been spoken more clear and intelligible to entitle the Supreme Pontif to the Power of bearing the Sword Temporal as well as Spiritual ?

Pet. I do not yet understand what you drive at.

Ful. Intolerable Dolt ! Is it not plain, that if one of the fore-mention'd Weapons did not belong to you ; when mention was made of Two Swords, Christ's Answer had been very improper in saying, *'Tis enough* He shou'd rather have said, *It is too much*. But you know he only said *It is enough* ; which is a fair Commission for both Swords

Pet. Profoundly argued indeed ! far beyond our Penetration into the Meaning of those Words of Christ, I confess : But you seem'd just now to question my Veracity when I disown'd ever using the Secular Sword, and claiming any such Authority.

Ful. Nor without reason. Pray rub up your Memory, and tell me who cut off *Malchus's* Ear, and with what kind of Instrument ?

Pet.

Pet. I acknowledge the Fact : But know, that I employ'd the Sword then in a Zeal for my dear Master, and not for my self ; for the Defence of my Saviour, and not for Avarice or Worldly Grandeur : And if ever you gave yourself the trouble of reading that Sacred History, you will find that my too forward warmth met with an immediate Check, being commanded to put up my Sword ; which was a plain Intimation that Weapons of that nature were never proper for Ecclesiasticks, and but occasionally for any Christian Professors. But more of this presently. In the mean time I adjure you upon your Pontifical Honour, tell me faithfully and sincerely, is the Way which you have been just now describing, the common Method of obtaining the Pontifical Dignity, namely, by Money and other Corruptions ?

Jul. Between you and me it has been so for several Ages ; but very likely the Conclave will not tread precisely in the same Steps in the Election of my Successor : For I myself took special care after my Promotion to prevent the like Practice, by issuing out a formidable *Bull*, that none shou'd ever hereafter be advanc'd upon the same account as I was, and that my sinister and scandalous Elevation shou'd not stand for a Precedent ; and this I did for Reasons best known to myself.

Pet. You was very much in the right ; for surely you was the most proper Person in the World to set forth the horrid Consequence of electing a wicked Miscreant, because you cou'd lawfully say, I know it by Experience. But if (as you tell me) so many Difficulties were to be encounter'd, and such Herculean Labours to be overcome before any one cou'd possess the Chair, it raises my Wonder why the Place shou'd be coveted. I am sure in my time, there was no striving for the Office of a Bishop, but rather it was declin'd ; and we were forc'd to use a great many Arguments and earnest Entreaties to

perswade Persons to accept of, and undertake that momentous Charge.

Ful. That's no Wonder at all, because in your Days Bishops, and other Ecclesiasticks, were not so well paid, nor invested with such ample Revenues. Their Recompence was too often Weariness, Painfulness, Watchings, Fastings, Cold and Nakedness, Stripes, and not seldom Death in the Conclusion. These were no mighty Temptations to set People a hunting after Bishopricks : But now the Case is quite otherwise, they live in Grandeur, Ease and Plenty, and loll in their Chariots and Coaches, and especially the super-eminent Bishops of *Rome* : They are now Princes, despotick Tyrants, Rulers of Kings and Emperors. And who a-pox wou'd not fight and wade through Rivers of Blood to gain so much Pow'r, and such extensive Dominion ?

Pet. Very well : But to be satisfy'd a little in some other of your Particulars ; you were saying just now, that you brought *Bonomia* to the See of *Rome* again : Pray had it apostatiz'd from the Faith, that it stood in need of a Restoration, and a new Reception into the Church ?

Ful. No, no : that was not the Business.

Pet. Perhaps the Male-administration of *Bentivoglio* was like to ruin the Republick.

Ful. So far from it, that no City was ever more improv'd, nor more beautified with stately Buildings, than that was by him, which indeed was one Reason of my gaping after it.

Pet. Then sure he had no Right or Title to it.

Ful. There you are out again ; for it had been in his Family a long time, by a firm Concession from former Popes.

Pet. What, did not the Inhabitants love him ?

Ful. Not Love him ! they perfectly doated on him, and had an implacable Aversion to me.

Pet. If Matters were so as you acknowledge, I don't see what Reason you had to molest him in, and deprive him of his rightful Possession.

Ful.

Jul. Don't you truly ? but I saw Reason enough ; which to be plain with you was this, that out of his ample Revenues, not much above one third Part found the way to my Treasury : Besides, what I did was absolutely necessary at that Time for the Design I was driving at ; neither, in short, could I, nor would I be without it. By the Assistance therefore of the *French*, together with my terrible Denunciations of Anathema's and Curses against all who concur'd not with my Will and Pleasure, I made a shift to kick out *Bentivoglio*, and set Cardinals and Bishops to rule over the City, that not one Penny of its Treasure should straggle from its fittest Proprietor, the Church. To which I may add, that it was a plaguy Eye-sore to me, that he appear'd in the sight of the World as a sovereign Prince, and his Effigies forsooth must be rear'd up in State : But I put an end to all such Presumptions ; no Statue is erected now but ours, no regal Titles or Inscriptions are visible now but ours. Now *Julius* struts in breathing Marble or well polish'd Brass, almost in every Street : And then, had you been so happy as to have seen the glorious triumphal Entry which I made into *Bononia*, it would have done your Heart good, and made you fully sensible what Cause I had to fight with Fury for the gaining of that Place : Then, if ever, your Eyes would have been blest with the View of the Charch Triumphant.

Pet. It seems then the Kingdom of Glory, which my Lord and Master taught us to pray for, was actually come at that Time. If it was so, I am sure it was very much unexpected, coming without the least antecedent Appearance of the Kingdom of Grace. So much for *Bononia*. Now for the *Venetians* ; What, I beseech you, had they done to provoke your Holiness ?

Jul. Why they grew, in the first place, very prick-ear'd and sawcy, making me their Sport, and

a down-right May-game ; and not only so, but they loaded me with Accusations.

Pet. Were the Accusations true or false ?

Ful. What's that to the Purpose ? 'Tis impudent, profane, nay, 'tis next door to Blasphemy to mention so much as the Name of the Pope, unless it be with the profoundest Respect and Veneration. Then again, these unmannerly impious People confer'd all their Ecclesiastical Preferments as they thought fit themselves, never asking my Leave ; nor would they make their Appeals to my Court in all weighty Matters, nor apply themselves to the infallible Decider of all Controversies. The Devil of a Dispensation, Commutation, Pardon or Indulgence would they traffick with me for all the Year round : But 'tis needless to give any farther Account why they incur'd my Wrath and Displeasure, when I shall have told you this one thing, how the *Palatines* did unsufferably damnify the See of Rome, by sacrilegiously possessing themselves of no small part of your Patrimony.

Pet. My Patrimony ! prithee, what dost thou call my Patrimony ? I disown all such Claims : 'Tis well known that I quitted all to follow my Master, and conform'd to his blessed Example, who was destitute of all worldly Conveniences, having not a piece of Money to pay his Tribute, nor a Place where to lay his Head.

Ful. You don't take me right. I know well enough your Estate lay in a very small Compass : But by your Patrimony I mean certain Towns that belong to the See of Rome, which the most Holy Fathers have formerly christen'd by that Name : Sometimes we call 'em the Sanctified Territories, Holy Ground, the Saint's Perambulation, the *Pur-lieu* of Christ's Vicar, and such like sacred Appellations, for distinction sake ; to deter the profane Part of the World from making Irruptions into, and fastning their impious Clutches upon the same.

Pet. I perceive you take a vast greater Care of your own Lucre than my Reputation : I thought, by the intolerable Loss which you mention'd, that some Towns were overwhelm'd with Wickedness and Irreligion, and so were lost to God and all Goodness.

Ful. Pshaw ! don't talk of such Stuff. I say I was some Thousands of Ducats the worse for 'em *per Ann.* as much as would maintain a good standing Army.

Pet. A very heavenly-minded Consideration truly ! But the Duke of *Ferrara*, what Mischiefs did he to you ?

Ful. What ! He was the most ungrateful Rogue of all Rogues. My Predecessor, *Alexander*, that precious Vicar of Christ, honour'd him to that Degree, as to bestow one of his Daughters upon him for a Wife.

Pet. One of his Daughters ! I thought it was not customary with Popes to have Wives and Children.

Ful. Not Wives of their own, 'tis true ; but that is no invincible Argument why they may not have Children : 'Tis possible, I hope, to have Children without being married ; and so may Popes as well as others, for 'tis well known they are not gelt. But to go on with my Story : This *Ferrarian* had a rich Principality settl'd upon him by way of Portion ; too much for such a Beetle-headed good-for-nothing Person as he was : Notwithstanding which immense Bounty, this Ingrate was perpetually yelping out his Bear-garden Language, calling me *Simoniack* and *Sodomite*, and the Lord knows what. Then he had the impudence to demand some Pension of me, which tho' 'twas but small, yet it would serve for Powder and Shot, and was too much to be over-look'd by a careful and wary Pastor.

Gen. A Pillager in plain *English*.

Ful. But the chief Reason was, what I intimated before in the Case of *Bononia*; it lay very convenient for me, I cou'd not well be without it, and therefore it was necessary to tack it to the Church's Inheritance; Moreover, my Design was to thrust him out, and to plant one in his Room descended from my own Family, a brave mettlesom Fellow, one that wou'd stick at nothing for the Advancement of the Church; of which he gave a Demonstration, when he stab'd a Cardinal at my Request with his own Hand.

Pet. A very deserving Person indeed: But what was the occasion of that Schismatical Synod which you mention'd?

Ful. 'Twill be too tedious to relate all from first to last concerning that Affair; however, I'll make the Story as short as I can; The Court of *Rome* (you must know) began to be look'd upon as none of the most Regular, Honourable, and Holy; so far from that, that every Body reported it to be most infamous for its filthy Lucre, horrid unnatural Lusts, Murders, Sorceries, Sacrilege, Rapine, common Sales of Ecclesiastical Preferments. As for my own particular self, they scrupled not in the least to say, I was a simoniacal, obscene, worldly-minded Person, and a perfect Scandal to the sacred eminent Office which I bore; that I was so far from taking a Paternal Care, that I was the Bane of the Christian Commonwealth; and that I acted so contrary to the Duty of a good Shepherd, to feed his Sheep, and keep them in Peace, that I scatter'd them, and sent them to the Shambles; in a Word, that it was high time to call a General Council, to redress these Grievances. They said, I had taken a solemn Oath in Two Years space after my Election to call a General Council, and that I was inaugurated on that very Condition.

Pet. And was it really so?

Ful. Yes; 'twas real Matter of Fact, I did swear so to do; but what then? I absolv'd my self from that

that Oath when I thought proper : As for swearing, who but a mad Man wou'd scruple to swear, when a Crown, nay, a Triplicity of Crowns was in pursuit? Some superstitious Fools indeed wou'd have been troubled with Qualms of Conscience in that Case; but, for my part, I discarded all such Niceties, I never was so strait-lac'd : But mark the Effrontery of some Men ! Do but behold to what a height of Impudence these Malecontents arriv'd ! Nine Cardinals actually revolt, they declare for a General Council; they solicit, beg and pray that I wou'd confirm it, and preside. When I flatly deny'd them, they enter'd a publick Protestation against me; they cite a Council, *Lewis* the Twelfth of that Name impiously abetting their Proceedings, and permitting them to sit at *Tours*. I can't speak it without Horror, these schismatical Conventiclers endeavour'd to rend the seamless Vesture of Christ in pieces, which his very Crucifiers left undivided.

Pet. But was you such a manner of Person as they represented you ?

Ful. How many times must I tell you, that was nothing to them? If I was never such a lewd Letcher, Blockhead, Brute, or arrant Villain, yet I was Pope, that's enough. Take this for a Maxim, that from the first moment of a Pope's Election, no Vices or Imperfections are to be ascrib'd to him; he immediately becomes Sanctify'd and Infallible, and ought to be look'd upon with Adoration.

Pet. What, tho' most notoriously wicked?

Ful. Ay, tho' as manifestly glaring as the Sun at Noon Day; wherefore 'tis an unsufferable Thing that every little paltry Fellow should dare to open his Mouth, and blatter against Christ's Substitute, and presume to find fault with, and reprimand an earthly Divinity.

Pet. But 'tis against common Sense and Reason to entertain favourable Sentiments of one whom all the World knows to be a profligate Wretch; and those

those whom we think ill of, 'tis impossible to speak well of without giving the Lie to our Judgments.

Ful. As for inward Thinking, let 'em do as they please ; let 'em think their Bellies full, provided they can rule their Tongues : Let every one either speak honourably of us, or clap a Padlock on his Chops, and say nothing. A Pope must not be animadverted upon, not even by a General Council.

Pet. Of the Truth of that Position I am not yet fully convinc'd ; but this one Thing I am sure of, that whosoever has the Honour to be Christ's Representative, ought to be specially careful to conform himself to his Image and Similitude as near as he can ; and so to demean himself through the whole Tenour of his Life and Conversation, that he may be Blameless, and that no evil Surmises against him may have a just Foundation. The Integrity of that Pontiff is shrewdly to be suspected, when the People's Commendations of him are more owing to his Menaces than good Actions ; when no Body can give him a good Character without contradicting his Conscience, and whose utmost Happiness must consist in frightening Folks into a Silence, and laying an Embargo upon their Tongues : But tell me sincerely, can a scandalous and pestilent Pope be no ways degraded and remov'd ?

Ful. What a ridiculous Question is that ! Who should remove him that is Supreme, in whom all Power upon Earth is lodg'd ?

Pet. For that very Reason he ought to be displac'd, because of the great Power he is entrusted with. 'Tis certain, that the more exalted Station an exorbitant Person is plac'd in, the fairer Opportunities he has to do Mischief, and the more pernicious will he prove to Human-kind. But I must crave leave to make this Observation, how widely different a chief Bishop, such as you have been

been describing, is from those of Jesus Christ's Ordination? According to what I hear from you, a Pope is so wholly taken up with the Thoughts of his being Supreme, that he drops the Consideration of his being a Bishop; and he imagines the Loftiness of his Title authorizes him to be uncontrollably Vicious; that this *Roman* Bishop is invested with such an universal Jurisdiction, that Kings, Monarchs, tho' most absolute, next under God, are but his Vassals; that the Pope is as much superior to the Emperor, as the Sun is to the Moon; that the Dominion of all Sovereign Princes depends upon his Will and Pleasure; that he challenges to himself the Authority of deposing them, first by excommunicating, and after that dethroning them, and absolving their Subjects from that Fealty and Allegiance which is always due to crown'd Heads, by God's own Appointment: After which, it is not only lawful to take up Arms against, but also a meritorious Act to murder such Princes as have been anathematiz'd by this pretended supreme Disposer of Crowns, and Judge of all the Earth. Lastly, that by Divine Right he is empower'd to commence War against any Prince, not for the Melioration, but (if it lies in his Power) the utter Extinction of him; and this not for any material Provocation, but because he is so unfortunate as to incur this domineering Bishop's Displeasure, for not complying with his Despotick, and perhaps impious Injunctions. In the mean time, that which is very surprising, in my Opinion, is, that though this Oecumenical Primate is deeply immerst in all sorts of Wickedness, trampling on all Laws, both Divine and Humane, and turning the whole World into a Chaos, as it were, by his outrageous Villanies, I say, because this Monster is advanc'd to the Bishoprick of *Rome*, therefore no Potentate, nay, not all the unanimous Powers of the Universe can check him, or remove him from his sublime Province. Since no Humane Force

Force could be exercis'd upon you, methinks *Ju-
lius*, 'twas very happy for Mankind that Death
durst lay his icy Hands on your Lordship, and
effect what you resolutely affirm is not in the po-
wer of Men to do, namely, withdraw you from
your Throne, and bless the World with the sea-
sonable Riddance of such a Nuisance. I am apt to
think you was not a little mov'd at this Proceeding
of inexorable Fate itself, for its presumptuous and
rude Attachment of your sanctify'd Person; but
is this agreeable (think you) with Jesus Christ's
first Design? Was this the tender Care he took
for the Security of his Church, to give an unli-
mited Commission to any of his Ambassadors to act
in the most arbitrary Manner, and to annex to
the See of *Rome* an Impossibility of being call'd to
an Account, or rejected for the most vile and scan-
dalous Administration?

Jul. You are always for trumping up of some
antiquated Precedent of what was done in the
Times of Ignorance: For my Part, I never disquiet-
ed, myself at all about Christ's Designs, he might
do as he pleas'd, and so will we, I know not who
should hinder us. This I am positive in, that if
a Pope must be reprimanded, it must be done by
a General Council; and I am as positive that no
General Council can be summon'd without the
Pope's Concurrence: And if any schismatical As-
sembly, which is conven'd without the Pontiff's
Indiction, pretend to enact any thing, all such lame
Council Acts are invalid. Alas! a General Council
is but a meer Carcass without the Pope's Con-
firmation; 'tis the Infallible Head that is the
Life and Soul of the whole Convention; they
without him are like insignificant Idols, which
have Mouths, Ears, Eyes and Noses, yet can nei-
ther speak, hear, see, nor smell: So that 'tis as
evident as any Proposition in the Mathematicks,
that unless the Supreme Prelate of *Rome* calls a
Council to accuse and condemn himself (and the
Devil

Devil is in him for a Fool if he does) there is an utter impossibility of dislocating him for any Crime whatsoever,

Pet. Strange ! What for no Crime ? Suppose he murders a Man.

Ful. Tho' he murder'd his own Father, it will not do.

Pet. Not for Fornication and Adultery ?

Ful. Ha, ha, ha, you joke ; there must be a new Pope every Week, if such Peadillo's were sufficient for a Removal : no, believe me, so insignificant are those Actions, that Incest, which is a Degree beyond, would signify nothing.

Pet. Not for a simoniacal Contract ?

Ful. Not for Ten Thousand.

Pet. What if he be a Magician ?

Ful. It avails nothing.

Pet. Nor Blasphemy ?

Ful. Nor that.

Pet. What if he be known to be a common Receptacle of all those horrid Impieties together ?

Ful. Had you nam'd Five Hundred Sins more, that were Five Hundred times deeper (if possible) yet a Pope's Person is sacred, and bids defiance to all his Antagonists ; he is not to be stir'd from his Seat.

Pet. You seem'd just now to acknowledge, that if a Pope was to be remov'd, it must be done by a General Council ; but now, methinks, you quite strip them of that Power again. That Power, which in primitive Times, like a College of Physicians, was made use of to rectify any Disorders which might seize the Body Ecclesiastick ; but now-a-days I perceive you are extreme averse to submit to any such Regulation. As for the Supreme Head, (which Title I know is your Delight) tho' it be so craz'd and delirious as to become a publick Calamity and Plague to the Catholick Church ; yet such a corrupted and ignominious Head (it seems) shall not be liable to the Censure of a sanative

tive Council, which is the holy Church's Representative, either to be cut off quite, (as it deserves) or at least to be degraded and sent to *Bedlam*, the proper College for the incurably distracted. But, tell me once more, has a General Council nothing to do with the Bishop of *Rome*? Is he absolutely out of their Reach?

Ful. Between you and I, there is but one thing for which some say a Pope may be depos'd,

Pet. Pray let me hear that; it must be for some good Deed I guess, for he is not to be meddled with for any bad ones as I hear.

Ful. 'Tis what we count the worst of all Crimes, that is to say, *Heresy*, which is the only unpardonable Crime; but this is but trifling and frivolous; nor does the Pontifical Monarch regard it a rush. There are a Thousand Evasions to be resorted to in case of Necessity, if a Pope has any Brains in his Skull: In the first place, all Laws are at our Command; then, in the next place, who dares lay any thing to the Charge of Christ's Vicar? Let me tell you, he must be a very bold adventurous Fellow who will undertake it, especially when he sees him well guarded with his Dragoons, whose Arguments are not easily answer'd. And in the third place, if he is accus'd of Heresy, and the Conviction is so evident as not to be evaded, what an easy matter is it for him to sign a Recantation, and so sleep in a whole Skin?

Pet. Pray will your Pontifical Majesty tell me who made those Laws you just now mention'd, over which you have such an entire Command?

Ful. Who shou'd make them but the Superlative Bishop of *Rome*, who is the Light of the Church, the Guide of Truth, the original Fountain of all Laws? And to the same unerring Oracle it belongs to interpret the Law, to cut and contrive it, to widen or narrow it, lengthen or shorten it, strengthen or weaken it; in a Word, to do with it
at

at all Times as it appears most convenient in his infallible Judgment.

Pet. These Popes have a rare Time on't, and they want nothing to complete their Happiness, but the Power to make such a Law as may baffle Christ as well as a General Council; it wou'd be well for them if they cou'd do so. But to be serious with you; such a Pontiff as you have represented, that is to say, one that is in the sight of all the World a wicked, lewd, beastly, rapacious, murdering, perjured, simoniacal, magical Caitiff (all which Properties, by your own Confession, are consistent with the Papacy); for such a Prodigy of Nature, I say, a Mob with Clubs and Stones to knock his Brains out, and free the World from such a publick Contagion, wou'd be much more proper than a General Council. But what's the Reason (I marvel) why the Pope abominates a General Council so implacably?

Ful. He has reason abundantly upon several Accounts; for first, an Assembly of so many illustrious Persons must unavoidably make the Pope suffer some Obscuration; he will not appear so dazzling as when they are not present: Besides, the bright Accomplishments of some who may be there, will perhaps prompt 'em without Ceremony to deal a little too plainly: They that are Learned will be encouraged by their own penetrating Parts to speak with Intrepidity: They who are Innocent, and love the Thing that is right, the Clearness of their Consciences will render them as bold as Lions, and authorize 'em to speak with more Audacity than may be convenient for our Reputation: And they of high Rank, and noble Extraction, will not be afraid to speak their Minds, relying on their own Grandeur, and back'd by their own Power. There will be some likewise, who out of meer Envy to our Pomp and Glory, come with a full bent to clip the Wings of his Holiness, by contributing as much as they can to detract from his Authority:

Nor

Nor is there any one particular Member of the Synod, but will greedily lay hold of that Opportunity of a General Council to vent his Spleen against the Pope, that being an allow'd Time for giving a loose to the inward Conceptions of the Mind; whereas, at other Times they dare as well eat Fire Coals as discover the smallest Muttering: Their Number defends them, and what they say then is with Safety and Impunity. In the last place, we have no cause to be in love with Councils; for there never was any one yet concluded so favourably, wherein his Holiness was not a Loser, by having some of his Prerogative snipt and impair'd. Of this you yourself are an Instance, which stands recorded for ever, though the Contest indeed was about Matters of no Consequence, not for Regal Possessions and Supreme Power, amassing of Riches, the chief Spring of our Bickerings now-a-days; yet at that Time *James* scrupled not to add something to your Speech by way of Supplement, notwithstanding the Vogue of your Supremacy: For when there was a Meeting at *Jerusalem*, to deliberate about the Case of the *Gentile* Profelites, that were converted to the Faith, you may recollect, if you are not troubled with a shallow Memory.——

Pet. I pretty well remember it; proceed.

Ful. How, that you exempted them totally from the Observation of the least Tittle of the Mosaical Rites; but *James*, as it were snibbing you by correcting your Determination, declar'd for the *Gentiles* Compliance with some Precepts, namely, to abstain from Pollutions of Idols, from Fornication, from Things strangled, and from Blood; and this was so remarkable a diminishing of your absolute Power in deciding of Controversies, and made such an alteration of the Opinions of a great many, that even to this Day there are not a few who maintain that the Universal Monarchy over the Church belongs to *James* more justly than to you. By this you may see what a mighty Refreshment
Con.

Conventions are to a Pontiff; in my Mind it had been much more for your Credit, if you had been a-Bed and asleep, than to have been present at that Assembly. I am apt to think it was no small Mortification to you.

Pet. You are mistaken; if a Superiority over the rest of my Fellow-Apostles had been my Peculiar, (as you and your Predecessors, all for your own Ends, erroneously aver) yet should I have thought it no wrong Step to suffer myself to be over-ru'd by judicious and prudent Advice, being always more desirous of glorifying my God, than aggrandizing myself: But you, it seems, lay a greater Stress upon the keeping up the Grandeur of your Post, and the Title of Supremacy, than the real Advantage of the Christian World. Vain-glory is the one Thing necessary to be regarded in your Judgment; but never was in mine.

Jul. Faith every one loves himself best; I was resolv'd to take care of one, whatever became of all the World besides.

Pet. Poor spirited *Julius*! Had Christ been of that Temper; had not he been more frank and generous than to consult only his own Advantage, Happiness and Glory, all Mankind had been in a most miserable Condition; there then had been no Church for you to have been the boasted Head of, neither any Possibility of your being Christ's Vicar-General, as you arrogantly call'd yourself; but full ill does that honourable Name besit one who acts in all Things so diametrically opposite to the Saviour of the World. But pray tell me (if it be not too troublesome to you) how you went to work to supersede this same schismatical Council, as you call it?

Jul. I'll tell you, if you have Capacity sufficient to take me right. In the first place, you must understand, that *Maximilian* the Emperor, (who, according to the antient Privileges of the Roman Emperors, as Histories inform us) had in-

indicted a Council very solemnly, upon the earnest Application of those dissatisfy'd Grumblers, being pretty easy to be wrought upon, was by me so finely bam'd as to recall his Mandates, and desist from his Purpose. I likewise, by Ways and Means, which shall be nameless, diverted some Cardinals from their fix'd Resolutions of having a Council; insomuch, that what they had positively determin'd by publick Declarations, they flatly deny'd before Witnesses and publick Notaries.

Pet. Was that just and right?

Ful. How can it be otherwise, when the Pope consents to it? If he alone pleases, Wrong is Right, and Right is Wrong: His Dispensations can make an Oath no Oath, alter the Nature of any Thing, and cancel the strongest Obligation: But to speak the plain Truth, that was a bold Stroke, and such as a Man of common Principles might have been ashamed of; however, it could not be help'd, there was no other way at that Time. At last, when I saw they would not be put off any longer, and that a Council wou'd unavoidably be cited, and that all their wrathful Resentments wou'd be levell'd directly at me, who had shuffled with them so notoriously; neither cou'd I tell which way to turn myself for an Excuse, they having complimented me to the highest degree, to prevail with me to be present at their Assembly; nay, they not only fairly invited me, but supplicated me on their Knees to authorize the same, and preside. When Matters, I say, were come to this desperate pass, I cou'd think of no other Stratagem to elude their Designs, but by issuing out my Orders for a Council at the same time, pretending that neither the Time, nor the Place which they had fix'd on, were convenient. Forthwith I summon'd a Council, to be held at Rome; to which Place I conjectur'd none wou'd resort who were not Cater-Cousins with *Julius*, or at least such as were not my profess'd Adversaries. I had season'd 'em with
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frequent Intimations how I stood affected, so that they cou'd not be ignorant of what I aim'd at: and that I might strengthen my Party, I created several Cardinals slap-dash, one upon the Neck of another, such as I was sure wou'd be fit for my Purpose.

Gen. Which is as much as to say, the greatest Villains upon Earth.

Ful. But notwithstanding all my Precautions, I was still very suspicious, that too great a Concourse of Bishops and Abbots, and other Ecclesiastick Dignitaries, wou'd turn to my Disadvantage, it being impossible but some, out of a considerable Number, must be pious and learned: To be plagu'd therefore with as few as might be, I advis'd 'em to send but one or two at the most out of each Division, to save Charges. Nor yet did I think myself safe to be canvass'd by such a Number, which being delegated from so many Provinces, I knew cou'd not be small; therefore, when they were just equip'd for their Journey, I sent countermanding Orders to stop their Arrival, pretending it was unanimously concluded to prorogue the Meeting to another Opportunity, mustering up some Apology which carry'd a small appearance of the Probable, as some sudden Indisposition of Health, or such like Flam; by which Contrivance the major Part were prevented from coming. Then immediately ordering the Council to sit on a sudden, consisting chiefly of such as I had pack'd together to serve my Turn, I had a glorious thin Congregation; tho' at the same time I knew, that of those few all wou'd not close with my Measures, nor run such Lengths as I desir'd: yet I took this for granted, that the most of them being my Creatures, not a Soul of the rest wou'd dare to stand up and make Head against my Proceedings, as being so much out-voted: and not only so, but also for fear of the close-reasoning Guards, and the all convincing Weapons, with which I was sur-
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rounded. As for that Council at *Tours*, I cast an horrible Slur upon it, and render'd it most odious by this Method: I dispers'd my Manifesto's very plentifully into all Parts, wherein I notified the most August and Sacred Synod by me assembled, banning and execrating their Anti-Council, bestowing upon it the charitable Titles of the Devil's Conventicle, Satan's Synagogue, a schismatical Cluster of Rogues, a diabolical Crew, and a Den of Thieves.

Pet. These are hard Names; but it may be the Cardinals, and other Members of that Council, were horribly wicked, which provok'd you to call 'em so.

Jul. As for their Morals, I had nothing to object against them; 'twas their Opposition to me which was their crying Sin, and that which stuck most in my Stomach. One of the Ringleaders in this Rebellion was the Bishop of *Roan*, whose demure Efforts were strenuously bent to purge and reform the Church, forsooth; and this he effected in some Places: But (thank Heaven) Death stop'd his Vitals, doing me thereby a singular Courtesy. But then I was tormented with another in his Room, equally bad, if not worse; he went by the Title of *The Cardinal of the Holy Cross*, a Spaniard, and a Person of an unblemish'd Character, but a confounded stiff, formal old Fellow, and a huge Professor of Divinity; which kind of Vermin have constantly been very troublesome to Popes, and as it were Thorns in their Sides.

Pet. Had this same Divine, which you mention with so much disgust, nothing to say for himself, to justify what he did in contradiction to you?

Jul. Yes, to be sure; he rais'd a bed-roll of paltry Objections, and bellow'd out against the horrid Impiety of the present Administration of Ecclesiastical Affairs; and affirm'd that the Distempers which affected the Church, were never so loathsome and intolerable as at that Time; and that

that there was an absolute necessity of a Reforming Council : that when I was promoted to the Chair, I was bound by my solemn Oath to cite a General Council within Two Years after my Election; and that the Obligation was so strong and sacred, as to become indissoluble ; that I had already been guilty of the detestable Crime of Perjury by shifting it off so long : He said moreover, that I had been admonish'd over and over by my Fraternity of Cardinals ; that Princes had demanded of me the same, and yet I turn'd the deaf Ear to all their legal Importunities ; so that 'twas very manifest, that whilst *Julius* was alive, there was no likelihood of a Council. They pleaded the Antiquity of Synods, the Constitution of the Primitive Church, and the Apostolick Canons (as they call'd 'em) wherein they shew'd me, that if I with my Partizans were for driving off the calling of a Council, then that Right and Power devolv'd on them. And since the rest of the *European* Princes consented, in this Case they might hold a Council without me.

Pet. Did these, who were so pressing for a General Council, know of any Crimes and Misdemeanours you were guilty of ?

Jul. Pox on 'em, the Rogues knew more than I desir'd ; but however they smooth'd their Resentments; and carry'd it fair outwardly, and very gingerly touch'd my gall'd Back : They not only refrain'd from down-right Railing, but mention'd me with a very ceremonious Respect, entreating me by all that was Good and Sacred; by the Dignity of my Office, by the Obligations of Conscience, and Solemnity of my Oath, that I would take my Place as President in the assembled Synod, and together with them use a joint Endeavour to repair the Ruins of the Church, and to recover it from the Corruptions wherewith it was become universally tainted. Nor can it well be express'd how odious this mild Procedure of theirs render'd

me; every Body crying out, Shame on me for being so refractory and impenetrable to such just Importunities, which were moreover abetted and corroborated by them with Quotations from the Scriptures, for (hang 'em) they were Book-learned Fellows that set upon me: Nor was Fasting and Prayer, Humiliation and Mortification wanting, in order to work upon and mollify me with their Pageantry of Religion.

Pet. Their Demands of a Council, in my Opinion, seem'd to propose a very good End: What better Colour had you for your Council which you advanced in opposition to them?

Ful. You may be sure I varnish'd my Cause with a most plausible and specious Hue: I gave out, that I intended to redress the whole Christian World, that neither Pope, Prince, nor Peasant, shou'd scape this universal Scowring.

Pet. A comical Farce you acted truly; I long to hear how it concluded. But pray what did those Divines in that Satanical Synod enact?

Ful. O most horrid detestable Things, such as I can't recite without Chagrin.

Pet. What! were their Decrees so scandalous as not fit to be nam'd?

Ful. Most Impious, Sacrilegious and Heretical; and which, if I had not vigorously withstood, by Force and Policy, with Wit and Weapons, good Night to all the Grandeur of the Church.

Pet. You make me impatient to hear what these frightful Acts were.

Ful. Bless me! with trembling Tongue, and faltering Speech, I shall tell 'em: These Devils incarnate laid their curst Pates together, and consulted how they might reduce the Church, which is now become so Glorious and Wealthy, to it's primitive Groveling, Meanness and Poverty; how they might humble the Loftiness of Cardinals, who acted in a Sphere too exalted for Ecclesiasticks, they said, and made as great a Figure in the bustling

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Scenes of Humane Affairs, as Princes themselves? That all Bishops shou'd retrench their Way of Living, and not be allow'd such an extravagant Ostentation of Guards, fine Horses, splendid Equipages, and flaunting Retinues. They decreed that Cardinals shou'd not engross to themselves such Numbers of Bishopricks, Abbeyes, and the best Benefices; that they who made use of sinister Methods to obtain Preferment upon Preferment, shou'd be taken into Consideration, and be forc'd to disgorge their redundant Morfels, and that all shou'd be limited to a reasonable Share. That Pope, Bishop, nor Priest shou'd ever be made thro' any Pecuniary Simoniackal Contract, thro' Favour, Respect of Persons, or any nauseous Flatteries of, or cringing Compliance with the Vices of great Men, or for the Sake of being engag'd in the Defence of some particular Sect or Faction. That Piety, Learning, and true Christian Conduct shou'd be the only Qualifications to be regarded in all Candidates for Spiritual Promotions. That wherever any corrupt Collation was found out either amongst the Superior or Inferior Ecclesiasticks, they shou'd be stript of the same; That it shou'd be lawful to depose the Pope himself when he becomes openly scandalous and impious; That none of the sacred Function shou'd addict themselves to Drunkenness, or frequent Stews, or maintain Courtesans, or engage themselves too furiously in Worldly Concerns and Diversions. These, and the Lord knows how many such like pestilent Ordinances, which I shan't Patience to acquaint you with, this Pack of impudent Varlets made; which I was resolv'd never to ratify, as well knowing they aim'd at what I car'd not a Pin for, namely, the Increase and Establishment of Piety and Morality, and such formal Stuff, and the Decrease of my Wealth and Dominion.

Pet. Very well: Pray now, if you think fit, let me hear what was determin'd in your most Holy and Saint-like Assembly, in opposition to this wicked Conventicle, as you call it?

Jul. You don't seem to remember well what I have already told you, that my calling a Council was a meer Illusion, design'd for no other end but to drive out one Nail with another: The opening of my Congress was pure Grimace and Comedy. I sanctified our first Meeting with the usual Ceremonies and Niceties, which signified very little to the Purpose, but yet must be observ'd for Form sake; that is to say, two Solemn Masses were celebrated, the Mass of the Holy Cross, and the Mass of the Holy Ghost, to amuse the World with the Thoughts of our acting by its Inspiration. After this there was a long Panegyrick Oration, every Syllable of which was in Praise of myself. The next Session I proceeded to thunder out my Excommunication against all those Schismatical Cardinals, and others of that Synod; as also pronouncing all their Decrees whatsoever, whether past, present, or to come, to be detestable, heretical, and damnable.

Pet. So that if, upon second Thoughts, they had recanted, and determin'd favourably in your behalf, voting you to be a most excellent, conscientious Holy Pontif, wou'd ev'n that Suffrage have been heretical and damnable?

Jul. Most certainly: For they judg'd and decreed without any Authority, and had no Foundation for what they did or said.

Gen. Infallibly true.

Jul. What has such a mutinous Assembly to do with Determinations, or meddling with the Character of a Pope? a Pack of prick eard busy-body Coxcombs. But to go on with my Story. The third Session I brandish'd my Thunder-bolts against France, excommunicating their King for harbouring these Conventicles, taking away the Charter of the City of Lyons, and translating its famous Mart to another

another Place; as also punishing several other particular Towns in *France* in the same manner, which I knew wou'd be the most ready way to alienate the Minds of the Subjects from their Prince, and probably to irritate the Rabble, to whom *Marts* and *Fairs* are very dear, and thereby raise a Rebellion. To all which Denunciations I gave the Stamp of Power, putting them into the dreadful Shape of one of my Bulls, and presenting them to all the Neighbouring Princes, especially those of my own Party.

Pet. Was this all? Did you shut up your Convention with this?

Jul. Ay, and enough too; at least as much as lay in my power: And if there is any Validity in my Bulls, (which I question not) I think I trounc'd them pretty well. Those three Cardinals who stood out Bluff against me, I depriv'd according to solemn Form *ab Officio & Beneficio*, gave their Revenues to others, bestow'd my Imprecations on 'em, and deliver'd 'em up to the Devil; and wou'd have deliver'd them up to the Faggot to be made a Bonfire of, if they had been come-at-able. Did not I serve 'em right think you?

Pet. If I may speak my Thoughts freely, by your Relation (if it be true) the Sanctions of this same Satanical Synagogue were something more inclining to Piety and true Reformation, than the Transactions of your sanctify'd Council, (as you term it.) The Result of which, as much as I can perceive, was little else besides Tyrannical Menaces, groundless Execrations, and a Jargon of Craft and Rage, Pride and Malice, blended together. Though nothing that's good can come from Satan with a good Design; yet surely if he was the Promoter of that Gallick Council, (as you insinuate) he seems therein to make much nearer Advances to the Temper of Christ, than that what-d'ye-call't Spirit which was so predominant in your Assembly.

Jul. Take care what you say, and don't prate too much; for in all my Bulls I have curst all Adherents to that Cage of unclean Birds, by Bell, Book and Candle, and turn'd 'em all over to Lucifer.

Pet. Thou intolerable vain-glorious Hector! Just the same dead as when alive: But what was the End of this Contention?

Jul. I left it in that very Posture; what will further become of it, I leave to the Decision of Fortune.

Pet. Then the Breach still continues?

Jul. Ay, and won't be clos'd up in haste, take my Word for't.

Pet. And you, like a righteous Pro-Christ, chose rather to sow the Seeds of Dissention, than call a regular Council, as you had sworn to do?

Jul. Let the Seeds of Discord be sown to all Eternity, I care not. You may be sure I wou'd sooner make a thousand Ruptures than be subject to their Examination. Must the Pope appear at their Bar, to be call'd to an Account, and disciplin'd by them?

Pet. Where had been the Inconvenience, if you had appear'd amongst them? Did your Conscience misgive you, so that you durst not stand Trial?

Jul. What was that to them, or you either? You are somewhat free in your Questions methinks.

Pet. I know your Meaning: 'Tis not proper to harp too much upon that String; or which is a much more suitable Comparison, to be too meddling with, and stirring a common Sink or Drain. But can you guess who will get the entire Victory?

Jul. I told you that is yet in suspense, tho' we bid fair for't. *France* has been sufficiently harass'd, and is pretty well impoverish'd; but our Bank holds out notably. I am sure we have reason to wish the Victory on our side: For this may be depended upon as a sure Word of Prophecy, that if *France* gets the better, which to prevent, for seven long Years gladly I'd Purgatory Flames endure; but, I say, if

it shou'd so fall out, the Scene of things will be plaguily chang'd, and the Tables will be quite turn'd against us. Then their Council will be the Congregation of Saints, and ours of Sinners. Then what a ridiculous Mention will be made of me? I shall be call'd a Loggerhead, a meer Picture of a Pope, and what not. All their Decrees will be ascrib'd to the Dictates of the Holy Spirit, and all ours to the Impulse of the Devil. Such a confounded Alteration in our Affairs, will be the Consequence of a *French* Triumph: But I hope better things from the vast Stores of ready *Rhino*, which I left behind. *Gold is our Hope, and fine Gold is our Confidence, and in the Multitude of Riches we put our Trust, (Old Rock) and I don't fear but we shall manage them.*

Pet. Thou wretched degenerate Soul! But what occasion'd the Rupture betwixt you and the *French* King? Your Predecessors honour'd him with the Title of the Most Christian, and consequently were very intimate with him: And you in particular, I thought, must of Necessity be whole with that Prince, because you had receiv'd such massy Favours from him, and ow'd your very Maintenance and Protection to his Benignity for a considerable time, according to your own Confession. You may thank him for that same Crown which you boast of so, which is two Story higher than a common Imperial one: 'Twas by his Assistance you subdued the *Venetians*, never till then subdued; gain'd *Bononia*, and other Places. How came the Mantle of Oblivion to be cast over such remarkable, and such fresh Obligations? How cou'd you break through such strong Ties?

Ful. I han't Patience to make an exact Narrative of that whole Comedy. But thus far I shall inform you, that what I acted in that Affair did proceed from no sudden Alteration of Temper; 'twas no more than what I had premeditated, and had been hatching a long while, which in due season I brought

brought to Maturity. The Posture of my Affairs did absolutely require Dissimulation and Doubling; which Mask, when it was proper, I pluck'd off, and acted bare-fac'd. You may believe me in this, as if an Oracle had declar'd it, that I never had any cordial Affection for the *French*; nor is it possible for an *Italian* sincerely to wish well to *Barbarians*, or love 'em otherwise than the Devil loves Holy-water. The reason why I carried it fair with them for a time, was for my own Ends, to make use of 'em as Tools to do my Business; which when it was done, I did not care if they were sunk to the bottomless Pit. I wou'd have sent 'em to Old Nick before if I durst, but it was not in my power. My Temper, you must know, was never to forbear worrying of any one upon Principles of Christianity, or good Nature, but upon Motives of Policy and Fear, lest the cutting of his Throat might endanger my own. For this reason, before my Plots were ripe, I never ceas'd to cajole, lie, flatter, sweeten and tickle the Trouts, and to scatter Plumbs amongst the credulous Coxcombs in abundance: In a word, I was susceptible of any Form, till my Projects had put on a promising Aspect, and then *Julius* appear'd like himself, without Disguise; then did I feast my self with their Destruction, and kick'd the scoundrel *Barbarians* quite out of *Italy*.

Pet. I have heard you name *Barbarians* once or twice, pray what sort of Monsters are they?

Ful. Monsters! Why, they are Men, and shap'd like other Men.

Pet. It may be, tho' they are Men, they are not Christians.

Ful. Yes, and they are Christians too: But what's that to the purpose?

Pet. Perhaps you mean such People as are unpolish'd, rustical and illiterate.

Ful. So far from that, they were eminent for the clean contrary Character.

Pet. What can you mean then by this distinguishing Title of *Barbarian*?

Ful.

Jul. Hum, such nonsensical Enquiries!

Pet. What does he mutter? I can't hear what he says.

Gen. I fee he is not over forward to tell you, therefore I'll Answer for him, if you will give me leave. Altho' the *Italians* are a perfect Hodge-podge, deriving their Original from the most barbarous Nations, a Common Shore as it were, and a Receptacle of all the Drainings of Mankind; yet, by way of Aping the conceited Manner of some Historians, they call all Barbarians who are not Natives of *Italy*; which Appellation is counted more scandalous and reproachful, then to be stigmatiz'd with Murder or Sacrilege.

Pet. So it seems. I don't wonder now at your Hesitation in answering my Question; for if the Case is thus, they have as much right to call you Barbarians, as you them. But surely such vilifying Language is no ways justifiable. If Christ died for the whole World, if with Him there is no respect of Persons; if he that begs in the Streets, and he that sits on the Throne; he that tugs at the Oar, and he that commands Legions, stand all upon the Level in his Sight; and in every Nation, he that feareth him and worketh Righteousness shall be accepted of him; and since you profess yourself to be Christ's Vice-gerent, why do you make such national Reflections, such an invidious Distinction betwixt one Country and another, and uncharitably separate those whom Christ hath united.

Jul. As for that, I was never so squeamish to refuse any, provided I lik'd them. Were they *Indians*, *Africans*, *Ethiopians*, *Turks*, *Jews* or *Infidels*, they shou'd all be welcome to my Embraces; they shou'd all bask under my kind Comprehension if they wou'd pay down the Ready, and own me to be their Supreme Head, by tendering some acknowledging Pence. A good round Sum wou'd reconcile me to any sort of People whatsoever; But I re-

I renounce all those Nations for Cast-a-ways, I cut 'em off absolutely from all Communion with us who are close-fisted, and will not contribute.

Pet. What must all be Tributary to you? must the See of Rome be as it were the Granary of the whole World?

Ful. And why not I pray? a great Matter truly, for us to reap some Temporal Things from all Nations, when we sow to all Nations Spiritual Things!

Pet. What Spiritual Things do you mean? not a Word has been mention'd hitherto of any thing, but what was deeply tinctur'd with the World. If your sacred Doctrines, either by Writing or Preaching, have been instrumental in making Additions to the Number of the sav'd, then I crave your Pardon; but if I well remember, you told me at first how little you were at leisure to attend such Employments.

Ful. True, and so I tell you again, that was none of my Business. Let others write their Eyes out, or preach their Lungs out if they please, so that they advance nothing but what tends to the Honour and Grandeur of the Pope.

Pet. Pray tell me then, which way could you pretend to be such a Sower of Spirituals to People?

Ful. Which way? Every manner of way. Whatever was perform'd by others, pass'd in my Name; I reckon'd all their Performances as mine, and I was resolv'd to be paid for 'em. Is it not a common thing, for Lords to lay claim to the Benefit of the Actions of their Vassals; for Master-Workmen to appropriate the Labours of their Under-Operators to themselves; and for Generals to be rewarded for the Exploits of their Soldiers? In like manner, whatsoever Soul-saving Works are disseminated in any part of our Dominions, must all be ascrib'd to the Pontiff, tho' he never was accessary to one single good Action in that way in all his Life. But besides the general Right which I have to some of the

the Wooll of the universal Flock, as being supreme Pastor, it cannot be denied, but that we Popes in our particular Persons are very signally conducing to the Spiritual Advantage of Thousands in our Way of Business; that is to say, by selling our Indulgencies for puny Sins for a small Consideration; and Dispensations and Pardons for the most damnable Iniquities at a reasonable Price, as low as can modestly be expected. As also we scatter our Apostolical Benedictions amongst the Crowd freely; those we give away *gratis* to all Comers and Goers, as Venereal Doctors do their Bills of Advertise-ment.

Pet. I must confess I am not thoroughly acquainted with the Spiritual Advantage of such Matters. Blessing of People indeed, which is an Antient, Pious and Laudable Custom, by your gross Manner of practising it, seems to me to be enervated, and render'd rather Profane than Beneficial. Your other Things are perfect Impositions. But to return to what we were talking about. What is the Reason that your Majestick Holiness so implacably abhor'd these Barbarians (as you call 'em) that you chose rather to turn the World upside down, than not remove them out of *Italy*?

Ful. I'll tell you. The Barbarians are something too Pragmatical, I cou'd not be easy whilst they were amongst us; in short, their Neighbourhood was an horrid Offence to me, that I could not bear them any longer.

Pet. Were they Idolatrous, or very Irreligious?

Ful. Nothing at all of that; they were rather too solicitous about Religion, and spent too much Time that Way. But they were always finding Fault with and censuring our Methods; and bawling out old antiquated Words in our Ears, such as Simony, Sodomy, Perjury, and the like, that we could not be at quiet for 'em.

Pet. Words do you call them! I think they are Deeds as well as Words, and very detestable into the
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the Bargain. Sure 'tis not possible for any such Thing to be practis'd in any Part of the Christian World.

Jul. Yet, yes, 'tis possible enough, I experimentally assure you; but what is that to these Barbarians? must they concern themselves about our Failings (if they may be so call'd)? Marry! they all have their Vices peculiar to themselves, tho' not just the same with ours. And as they hug their own Sins, and damn ours; so on the other Side, we stick close to our favourite Inclinations, and execrate theirs. As for Instance; we discountenance habitual Drunkenness, and look upon a Person addicted thereto as a Beast; whereas some Nations account it an Offence of the lowest Magnitude. Nay, they will scarce allow it to be a Transgression, but call it good Friendship. They, and most other of the Barbarians abominate Sodomites and Pathicks as the most corrupt, defil'd Monsters upon the Face of the Earth. If the very Name of those Exercises is but mention'd, they'd be frighted out of their Wits, and think the whole Atmosphere wou'd be polluted with the bare Pronunciation; But alas, we are quite of another Opinion, and allow of those particular Refreshments of the Body. So likewise for Simony, an old out-of-Fashion Name, that has not had a Being in the World for many Ages; they startle at the Word, as they wou'd do the meeting of an Apparition, and make a wonderful Splutter against such Tradings. But our Sentiments are quite otherwise. We find Simony (as Fools call it) to be very necessary for the flourishing of the Church. There are abundance more of such kind of Ways and Customs, wherein we widely differ from the barbarous Crew; so that since we can't set our Horses together, nor be of the same Opinion, it is highly convenient to drive them further off, and keep 'em aloof from our Mysteries, of which the more ignorant they remain, the more they will reverence them.

them. But too as e're they are let into the Secrets of our Court, presently with full Cry, like a Pack of deep-mouth'd Dogs, they yelp them out Racks, Torments, Gibbets, Plagues and Famines seize 'em, they are Lyncean-ey'd to spy out any thing to cavil against, and quick-scented to smell out our close acted Affairs. With Pleasure they disperse their virulent Invectives and malicious Remarks, calling our Holy See the very Metropolis of the Devil's Kingdom, rather than the Seat of Christ's Representative. They raise Scruples, and pretend to make it a disputable Question, whether I am to be acknowledg'd as Supreme Prelate, because, forsooth, of the indirect Methods of my climbing into, and my flagitious Course of Living in that sacred and elevated Office. Thus, these barbarous Varlets lessen our Credit and profound Esteem with Strangers, and thereby weaken our despotic Authority; causing all Foreigners to look askew upon us, who before thought nothing to the contrary, but that Popes were Angels in humane Shape, that they could command Earth and Heaven; nay, that they were scarce one degree inferiour to the Almighty. By this Means it comes to pass, that all those Springs of Wealth are in danger of being dried up, by which I maintain my Royal Port, and by which all our Religious Orders are enrich'd and fed up in soft Ease and Luxury. Thus intolerably is the Church damaged, few Dispensations and Pardons are sold off, and those at a poor under Rate. Nor can we turn the Penny near so gainfully in trucking for Cardinalships, Bishopricks, Abbies and Benefices; Trade goes very dull in relation to our Commodities, and all upon the account of these ill-dispos'd Meddlers. When Taxes are required, they come heavily; and they deliver up their Purses to us, as grudgingly as they would to a High-way Man. And as their less awful Thoughts of our Power spoil the Markets, so does it rebate the edge of our Threatnings;

things; and when once they arrive to that pitch of Impudence, as to laugh at the Thunder of our Excommunications, and to affirm that the Denunciations of a wicked Pope don't signify a Farthing, his Infallible Majesty will be in a poor Condition, next Door to famishing. All this, I say, would be the dismal Consequence of the Barbarians Vicinity to us; but when they are kept at a distance, there is no danger of our falling thus low in their Esteem; because not having the Opportunities of prying into our Concerns, they are not acquainted with the Steps we take, and the Lengths we run; so that they look on us with reverential Regard, and think us most Holy Fathers, as they call us; which I am afraid they would never do if they knew all.

Pet. I think 'tis not very much for the Reputation of you Popes, when your Apostolical Authority depends upon the Concealment of your Lives and Conversation, and that as soon as ever you are thoroughly known, you are despis'd. When I and my Companions sojourn'd on Earth, we desir'd nothing more than to have our most secret Actions expos'd to the Knowledge of all Mankind; we fear'd no Witnesses of what we did, being satisfied that the more the People knew of us, the more we shou'd gain upon their Affections, and win them over to a Compliance with the Gospel. But I want to be inform'd in one particular, that is, how comes it to pass that Princes pay such a blind Obedience now a days to one single Prelate, (and that none of the best) as to set themselves in Battle Array one against another thro' his Instigation alone? Are they so religiously dispos'd as to think themselves oblig'd to do just as he bids them, and are they afraid to displease him? I am sure, in my Time, we were so far from having such influence over crown'd Heads, that they were our most inveterate Adversaries, and would scarce be rul'd by us in any Thing, tho' never so just and reasonable.

Ful. Cus.

3ul. Customs and Fashions are bravely alter'd and mended since your Days; Popes have had a glorious Time on't for some Ages, and carried it with a high Hand over Kings and Potentates, who were entirely at the Pontifical Beck; insomuch that the Pope could set 'em together by the Ears when he thought fit; and if his Commands were not obey'd by any obstinate rebellious Sovereign, his Dominions presently were given away, and my Gentleman was handsomely depos'd. But now I confess the Papal Authority begins to sink; Princes will not now like Noses of Wax yield to all our Motions. The Respect and Obedience which they pay to the Triple Crown now-a-days is more owing to the Politeness of their Education, and to ceremonial Forms, than to any Impressions of Religion. They value us no more than Hobby-horses in their inward Sentiments, tho' they seemingly compliment us with frequent Tenders of Filial Carriage. With the same courteous Deportment we behave ourselves towards them from the Teeth outward; but this is perfect Grimace on both Sides. Thus, for Example, we invest them with glorious Titles, tho' they may very little deserve 'em; calling one his Catholick Majesty, another his Most Christian Majesty. And giving them all in general the endearing Compellation of Sons. They on the other side call us Most Holy Father, and prostrate themselves when they are in a good Humour to kiss our Feet; and in Matters of no great Importance, they will give way sometimes to our Demands, and seem to be directed by us, on purpose to establish among the Vulgar a Reputation of being religious and devout. Nay, we act the Farce a little more to the Life, and proceed ev'n to the sending of Presents to one another. We send them consecrated Mass-Books, Swords, Coronets, Caps and such like Toys, and confirm their Titles to their Kingdoms with Bulls, almost of an Acre Extent of Parchment. They by way of Retribution send to us round Sums of Money,

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ney, fine Horses, well arm'd Soldiers, and sometimes handsome smug Youths, being not ignorant of our Inclinations. Such apparent mutual good Offices are frequently exchang'd betwixt us, like two Asses scratching one another. But in their Hearts they really think our Power very trifling and insignificant, and will be rul'd by us no longer than they think fit; they are our humble Servants, but yet they will do what they please.

Pet. If Kings and Princes have so little real Regard for Popes, how cou'd you work upon them so effectually, as to push them on to break thro' all solemn Leagues and Alliances, and to fall foul one upon another? I can't imagine how thy were so infatuated, as to hearken to you.

Jul. That, indeed, was a Master-piece of Wit and Stratagem, such as you heavy Apostles cou'd never attain to. 'Twould be not only too tedious to acquaint you with all my Subtilties in managing those Princes, but also too abstruse for your hearing; you not being Politician enough, I doubt, to apprehend Narratives of that kind. But that you may in some small Measure be sensible of my consummate Parts, and admire me for the same, I shall just give you a taste of my Dexterity.

Pet. I'll endeavour to give a proper Attention.

Jul. The first and fundamental Lesson which I had to learn, was to have an insight into the Inclinations, Morals, Wealth, Abilities, Pretensions and Designs of all Nations, but more especially the *European*; to know who and who were together, and who wish'd one another at the Devil. Being thoroughly vers'd in this Point, I made a most ingenious use of this Knowledge. I set the *French* against the *Venetians* in the first place; I made the *Emperor* a Party concern'd in the same War likewise, by patching up an Alliance betwixt him and the *French* for that Time. After the *Venetians* had been well bang'd, and I had got of them what I wanted, then I seemingly was reconcil'd

to 'em, and offer'd my Service to assist 'em against the French, to revenge the Havock he had made amongst them. For you must know I was not willing the King of France should pursue his Victories too far, and grow too great, therefore I was resolv'd to give a Check to this Conqueror; which I perform'd not only by making a Property of the Venetians for that End, but also by involving the King of Spain in a War against the French. Which last Contrivance, by the by, was a Master-piece of mine; and you can't but be surpriz'd at my Wit, and the lucky Event of that particular Transaction. The King of Spain was at the same time fighting with an incredible Torrent of good Success against the Turks; what did I do, but with my wheedling and exasperating Letters diverted my Catholick Majesty's Career, so that to the Amazement of all Mankind, and the great Joy of the Infidels, he turns his whole Armament against the French. People thought he was bewitch'd, not knowing my Head-piece was the main Spring of this unaccountable Motion. Nor did I suffer the Emperor to lie idle. For tho' I had a little before link'd him with the French, yet I soon made a Breach betwixt him and his old Friend Lewis, and run them one at another. In a Word, I made a perfect Game of Chess of my Monarchs, moving them and playing them just as I pleas'd. When I perceiv'd any one to gain greater Advantages than I thought fit, I clandestinely strengthened the weaker Side with pecuniary Supplies, or rais'd up a fresh Adversary to buffet the stronger. Thus did I work upon all my plyable dear Sons. Great-Britain only was out of the Sphere of my Activity. Those pestilent Northren Hereticks began to withdraw their Obedience from the Holy See in my Time, and abjure our Supremacy. They are a most horrid Brood, Hell and Furies take 'em! They will I am afraid foster an inextinguishable Aversion, and prove everlasting Rebels against Rome's most Holy Father. I hope some of my Successors will totally extir-

pate that cursed Fry by a general Massacre. I hope they'll kill all, the quickest Method to convert 'em; ravish the Wives, dash out the pois'nous Brains of each young Protestant Viper at the Breast; rip up the Matrons, burn all the hated Wasps in their Hives; make Candles of their Fat, if any are corpulent and gross. O, how sweetly will they burn, instead of common Tapers, before the sacred Shrines of our *Romish* Saints and Worthies; They wou'd with Pleasure look down, and eagerly snuff up such grateful Incense. But tho' this wou'd be a meritorious Performance, yet they must have patience, and stay till it is practicable, none being oblig'd to do Impossibilities. The sacred *Lateran* Council binds us to sacrifice heretical Kings and Princes, and waste their curs'd Land with Sword and Fire; but wisely adds, 'tis only when we are strongest; for Hands must be able, as well as Hearts willing. In the mean time till this can be effected, they must endeavour to disunite 'em, by sending our Emissaries to broach new fangl'd Puritanical Religions, and setting them at variance among themselves; by this Method they in Time may be crumbl'd into Atoms, but if they continue unanimous, no Mortal can hurt 'em; their Division therefore must necessarily be antecedent to their Destruction. This I hope will be experimented some Time or other. As for me, I am satisfied, I play'd my Part sufficiently, in creating Hostilities every where as much as possibly I cou'd; and 'tis an exceeding great Comfort to me, that I left most of the Christian Princes very busy in hacking and hewing one another with more Fury than ever they cou'd be wrought upon to exert against the Mahometans, those common Enemies of Christendom.

Pet. A very pious Satisfaction truly, to think how like a publick Incendiary you have kindl'd such Wars, as may possibly reach thro' the whole World before they are extinguish'd

Ful. Let 'em rage on to Eternity, provided the Pope is no Looser. For which dear Self-preservation I carried the War into the Barbarians Country, as remote from *Italy* as I cou'd; which being effected, let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear, til they have worried one another to the last Man on both Sides. This will make us rare Sport, and give us endless Years of Laughter, besides the Advantage we shall make of their Folly, and the general Conflagration, which is always the best Season for Pillage and Plunder.

Pet. Do these Things become the Character of an Apostolical Pastor, an Holy Father, and Christ's Vicar, as you term yourself?

Ful. They may thank themselves. Why did they begin to provoke me with their Schismatical Council?

Pet. If they had committed an Error in that Point, yet still Forbearance had been much more proper, considering how notoriously the Remedy was more destructive than the Disease. But all this might have been prevented, if you, according to the Obligations of Honour, Conscience, and the sacred Oath taken at your Inauguration, had permitted a Council to be conven'd.

Ful. Bate an Ace there. I am sure the Remedy had then been worse than the Disease. Convene a Council! I had rather every drop of Christian Blood had been spilt first. That wou'd have been a comical Fancy, and have demonstrated me an Ignoramus. What bring a Multitude together to prove me a Simoniackal Merchandizer in Spirituals, to rip up all the Transactions of my Life, and lay me open to the whole World. The Consequence of which might have unchair'd me; and have reduc'd me to the common State of Fallibility. Had I done so, I know who had been the Fool.

Pet. If the Decrees of a Council had turn'd so much to your disadvantage, yet if you had been possess'd with the true and genuine Spirit of Christianity, as a Supreme Pastor ought to be, you

would have sacrific'd all your worldly Glory for the publick Good, and not have involv'd the Christian World in so many Calamities. Tho' I must be so free as to tell you, that had you been depos'd, they had done you no great Injustice; since your Entrance into that elevated Office was not by the right Door, but (as far as I can learn) like a Thief and a Robber, you did climb there-into by the most detestable Ways and pernicious Assistance of others. From whence I can't forbear making this Observation, that by the Divine Permission you became a Plague to the French, as a just Retaliation to their King for his being instrumental in the promoting such a pestilent Miscreant as you were to the universal Pastörsnip of the Church of Christ. 'Twas meet that he should be tormented by that Brazen Bull, of which he had been the first Contriver.

Gul. Zounds! this is unsufferable. By my Triple Crown, by all my glorious Triumphs, I swear and protest, if you irritate me after this Manner, I'll make you know who it is you speak to.

Pet. Delirious Wretch! But keep your Temper a little longer, and let me know something more of the excellent Discharge of your Office. I can hardly yet form in my Mind the least Idea of your being an Ecclesiastick. What you have hitherto related of yourself, favours more of the General than the Prelate; you have given me the Description and Portraiture of a downright Worldling, or something more low sunk in the Dregs of Irreligion, an Heathen, and ten-times worse. You boast of your Machiavelian Penetration into Political Affairs, your Facility of quashing Alliances, and setting Nations together to imbrue their Hands in Christian Gore; but this is rather the Talent of the Devil than a Divine. He that assumes to himself the Title of Christ's Vice-gerent commits a strange Solecism, if he does not tread in the Steps of his Heavenly Master as near as he can. 'Tis true, all Power both in Heaven and Earth was com-

committed to him ; but yet this infinite Power was join'd with infinite Goodness ; his Wisdom was fathomless, yet pure and peaceable. Whereas the Power that you vaunt of, and Wit (if you ever had any) was nothing but a Compound of the very Quintessence of Impiety, Rancour, Pride and Cruelty. So that were Satan the Prince of Wickedness to chuse a Prime Minister or Surrogate, he cou'd not fix upon a more proper than yourself, or one of the same Stamp. Pray give me one single Instance, if you can, wherein you acted like a true Apostolical Prelate ?

Jul. Do you make a Question of that ? Pray what can be more Apostolical, than to advance the Church ?

Pet. Nothing that I knew of. It was the very Work of myself and the rest of the Apostles, to use all our Endeavours (assisted by our Head and universal Governor Jesus Christ) to increase the Multitudes of them that believ'd, and thereby make daily Additions to the Church. For (as I conceive) by the Name of Church, was understood in our Days, an Aggregation of many Persons, many Congregations, many several Churches, built on the same Foundation, professing the same Faith, receiving the same Sacraments, the Signs and Badges of Christianity, not limited to one People, confin'd to one Nation, but dispers'd thro' the distant and divided Parts of the World ; all which Millions of Persons are united into one Body, under one Head, and become one Church. Even as an House built upon one Foundation, tho' consisting of many Rooms, and every Room of many Stones, it is not yet many, but one House. Now to be advantageous to this Holy Society, is, not to deviate from Apostolical Doctrine, to communicate with all good Christians as Occasion shall be ; to maintain a good Correspondence and Concord, with an hearty Charity and Affection to them ; to preserve the Peace and endeavour the Welfare of that Part of it wherein we are most

concern'd, and of which the most particular Benefit is committed to our Charge. If the right State of the Matter is thus, methinks instead of so mightily advancing the Prosperity of this collective Body; you rather subverted the same, by embarrassing its Members so fatally in warlike Engagements, that they had not leasure to make their proper Animadversions upon the Turpitude of your Life, and proceed against you as they ought. If my Suppositions, I say, concerning the Church and its true Advantage be right, then are you in the wrong. But perhaps my Notion of these Things may not exactly coincide with yours; therefore I shall be glad, before we proceed any farther, to be inform'd what you mean by the Church, to which, you say, you made such notable Accessions.

Ful. I perceive you stand very much in need of Instruction; and therefore, in order to prevent any more of your impertinent Queries, I'll clear up your Understanding, if it is to be done, by laying before you my Definition of the Church, and my infallible Opinion of what conduces to its Lustre and Enlargement. By the Church, then, I mean the real Structures of the Temples themselves, the Religious Houses; the Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Priests, Monks and Friars; the Court of Rome, the Pope, the visible Supreme Head of all, together with the Congregation of all those who without Scruple profess whatsoever Faith the Pope prescribes to them, and in all Things are ready to pay an exact Obedience to him.

Pet. Your Definition in my Mind had been more just, if you had excluded the Walls of the Church from being incorporated into the Church of Christ; and, instead of such unsuitable Members, have included a few more Christians, tho' they were so unhappy as to be utter Strangers to the Bishop of Rome, or to disown his Supremacy. But I long to know how you increas'd the Church's Benefit and Glory.

Ful.

Jul. Ay, now you come to the Point, and I'll soon satisfy you. That poor Hunger-starv'd, beggarly Primitive Church as was, is now become so gloriously adorn'd.

Pet. With a more vigorous Faith, I suppose, a more seraphick Love of God, and a nobler Degree of Charity towards all Mankind.

Jul. Pshaw! You murder my Ears with your Nonsense.

Pet. It may be then with a Contempt of the World, with all its Poms and Vanities.

Jul. Nothing at all of the matter: You won't hear me. I mean with true massy substantial Ornaments, not such Trumpery as your idle Conjectures interrupt me with.

Pet. Pray what can these signal Embellishments be?

Jul. What! Why magnificent Palaces, rich Chariots, fine Equeries, Gold and Purple, splendid Attendants; well disciplin'd Guards, arm'd Cap-a-pe.

Gen. Salacious handsome Strumpets, pliant and obsequious Pimps and Panders.

Jul. We have brought to the Church the Opulence of both *Indies*, with large Tributes, Excises and Customs: So that not a Crown'd Head in the Universe makes half the Figure, Noise and Bustle in the World as the Pope does; They are all mean and despicable Things, if compared to him. The most haughty and ambitious of 'em all, nay tho' he were proud as *Lucifer*, wou'd think it no Disparagement to him to pay Homage to us. Our magnificent Expences wou'd make all others appear little and sordid: *Cæsus* himself, were he alive, as rich as he was, might look with Wonder and Envy at our superior Wealth. These are some of the noble Graces with which the Church is now bedeck'd; and these are in a great measure owing to my Activity, who spent my whole Time and Concern in securing these Blessings, and making considerable Augmentations.

Pet.

Pet. Can you tell me who was the first that load-
ed Ecclesiasticks with these Superfluities?

Jul. What's that to the Purpose? We are in Pos-
session of these Superfluities, as you call 'em: We
have them, and hold them; how we first came by
them, is not worth enquiring into. But (to hu-
mour your Inquisitiveness a little) if you will be-
lieve what some relate, 'tis said that *Constantine* was
the first Aggrandizer of the Bishop of Rome, by ma-
king of Regal Presents to him, and even transfer-
ring his Empire to that See by a generous Surren-
der of it from himself.

Pet. It may be only a Story.

Jul. So I am inclin'd to think, if I may judge of
others by myself; for I truly wou'd have seen my
own Father, or the best Friend I had, at the Devil,
before I wou'd have done the like.

Gen. That is true enough.

Pet. If it were true, that he did as 'tis reported,
and that with a Religious Intention; yet are such
things altogether foreign to the true Ornaments of
the Church, which Christ design'd shou'd be for
ever spotless and clear from all the contagious Va-
nities and Embarrassments of the World; But the
Vein of your Talk has ran so totally upon Worldly
Affairs and Acquisitions, that I can't be convinc'd
of your being beneficial to the Church, whose Wel-
fare and Glory are so diametrically opposite to
things of that Nature.

Jul. What, I warrant, you are dreaming of the
Days of Yore, and are for reviving that stale super-
annuated Church which you, with some other Hun-
ger-starv'd meagre Bishops, did preside over; and
when you made a poor Figure of a Supreme Gover-
nor, being harrass'd with laborous Toils, and tramp-
ing from one place to another like Foot-Soldiers:
But, — *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis* —
Your Church-Government is too dull and melan-
choly for the Gayety of this spruce and more ac-
complish'd Age. The Bishop of Rome is quite ano-
ther-guess Person, than what he was in your Days.
Alas!

Alas! you was but a meer Shadow of a Metropolitan, and did not know the Extent of your universal Power. You was dignified with a Title tis true, but 'twas a very barren one, and separate from all Splendor and Emoluments. And, like yourself, were all things pertaining to the Ecclesiastick Corporation then equally dispicable, whether Temples, Priests or Preferments. How would you gaze and stare to behold the costly Decorations of our Temples, the Marble Pavements, Roofs supported with various Rows of Pillars, gilt and figur'd with beautiful Artifice, and the sumptuous Palaces of some Ecclesiasticks several thousands of the Clergy dignified with fat Benefices; the Multitudes of Bishops not inferior to Kings in Wealth and Power? Especially, were you to behold at our Metropolitan City *Rome*, the gallant Show of Cardinals array'd in Purple Robes, surrounded with Legions of their Retinue, with their champing foaming Steeds, and choice Mules, trap'd and accouter'd with fine Embossments, brocaded Velvets, Gold and Jewels, some of them prancing ev'n with Shores of Silver and Gold; I say, after the Sight of such a blessed Alteration of Sacred Possessions, Places, Things and Persons, what a Loathing would the Remembrance your Primitive Shabbiness in all these Matters create in you? But then, what a reptile Worm of a Bishop would you conceive yourself to have been in comparison of a *Roman* High-Priest of the modern Ages, if you were to see (what has been frequently done) Emperors, Kings and Princes, with Prostration, kissing the Pontifical Toe, and who thought it an Honour to have their Crowns plac'd on their Heads by his Holy Feet? If you had been an Eye-witness of this Scene of State, what would you have said then?

Per. Then I shou'd have said, that I had seen a bloated, proud, worldly-minded tyrannical Cassir, a complete Anti-Christ, and Bane of the Church.

— *Sul.* You'd change your Tune, and cry *Peccavi*, if you had seen any one of my triumphal Processions ; either that when I took Possession of *Bononia*, or that which I exhibited at *Rome* after my Conquest of the *Venetians* ; or my Triumph after I had routed the *French* at *Ravenna* beyond all Expectation. Had you beheld my numerous and warlike Train with Ensigns display'd, my Captains, and Generals in their Regimental Embellishments, the surprizing Collection of my beautiful Pages, the Splendor of my Entertainments, the Trophies, Banners, and rich Booties taken from the Enemies ; Had you heard the Discharges of my Cannon, venting their saluting Thunder, the Martial Noise of Drums, Kettle-drums, and shrill Trumpets rattling in the Sky ; the Explosion of Artificial Fireworks, accompanied with innumerable Illuminations ; Had you seen my scattering Medals of Silver and Gold among the Crowds, which were struck in Honour of my Conquests ; Had you heard the Huzza's, and re-echoing Shouts of the People, who, perfectly wild in their Applause, seem'd to rend the very Clouds with their Vossies of Acclamations : Then, for the Glory of all, to see me the Oecumenical Patriarch, the visible Head and Monarch of the Church Catholick, and the Disposer of Empires ; the first and grand Wheel of all this Motion, the Life and Soul of the whole Pomp and Triumph ; to have seen me, I say, in my full Career of Splendor, monuted aloft in a Chair of State, carried upon the Shoulders of Gentlemen, all the Throng gazing upon me as a Deity condescending to visit them in human Shape ; who, rapt with Extasies, strove with Hands, Eyes, Lips, and ev'ry Gesture, to shew their utmost Obedience ; and if I did but stir a Finger, were all ready to prostrate themselves by way of Adoration. O, had you beheld all this, you'd for ever after have scorn'd all the triumphing *Alexanders*, *Scipio's* and *Cesars*, and esteem'd them as Scoundrels and Paltrons in comparison of myself ! A thousand more glorious Passages I cou'd —————

Pet.

Pet. Hold, enough, enough of Feats of Arms and Ouations, thou boasting Wretch! Those Heathens which you mention'd were much the better Men, nay Saints in comparison of you. They had only the Law of Nature to direct them, and therefore are the more excusable; but that you, who have had the Advantage of the express Precepts, and the most powerful Motives of Christianity, shou'd inhumanly celebrate your Triumphs when Thousands of poor Christians had welter'd in their Gore on your account: That you, who pretend to the Appellation of Most Holy Father, shou'd like a cursed *Apolylon*, be Author of the Devastation of whole Countries; That you, who call yourself Christ's sole Vicar on Earth, shou'd neither by your Life nor Doctrine be instrumental in winning so much as one single Soul to your Master, is the greatest Aggravation of Wickedness; no Sins being so flagrant as those which are committed directly against Mens Professions. Thus, for a Steward to be a Thief, for a Physician to be a Murderer, for an Ambassador trusted with the Affairs of his Prince to be a Traytor, are Crimes of greater Infamy in them than in another. How then can the Impieties of an elevated Ecclesiastick but be above all others by so much the worst, by how much his Calling is above all others the best, and his Station the most conspicuous? Surely I scarce know what to call him who hath, of a Minister, thus transform'd himself into a Monster. He is not a Star in Christ's Right-hand, but in the Dragon's Tail; which drew many from Heaven, and cast them down upon the Earth. He is among the Prophets the *Simeon* rightly call'd *Niger*, not for his Complexion, but for his Conversation. He is, in the House and Temple of God, not as the Priests which did bear the Ark, but as the Beasts which drew it and shook it. O the unnatural Contrariety betwixt you and the blessed Jesus! whose inexpressible Love and Compassion moy'd him to give himself to be a Sacrifice to put all

at Mankind into a Capacity of Salvation, whilst you, to gratify your own single, barbarous and peevish Self, involv'd whole Nations in Misery and Destruction.

Jul. You will never leave quarling; but I well know the Reason of all this Cant; 'tis meer Envy, and repining at the glorious Figure I made, and a gnashing Vexation to be told how much my Ecclesiastical Lustre transcended yours.

Per. Graceless Impudence! dare you oppose your worthless, flustering Spectacles to my substantial Glory? Tho' whatever Honour accrud to me, I ascrib'd it all to my Great Master, and not to myself. If ever it was expedient to Glory, if ever there was room for godly Boasting, I think I may lay claim to it, who was honour'd with the most endearing Favours by the Lord and Saviour of the World. If you have the Modesty to allow Jesus Christ to be the true Holy Supreme Head of his Church, then must you of necessity admit my Glory to outshine your Earthly Vapours, your *Ignes Fatui*. For he himself deliver'd the Power of the Keys of his Kingdom into my custody; which Power, tho' it was to be extended to all the Apostles, and after them to all the Governors of the Church equally, yet I was singled out to be their Representative; which was a distinguishing Choice not to be undervalued. He likewise with his own Mouth entrusted his Sheep to my Feeding; and he himself gave an honourable Testimony of my Faith. Whereas, Money, Frauds, and the joint Assistances of ill-designing People made you a Primate, which indeed is a Title too good for one so scandalously elected. I, by the Divine Permission, gain'd over many Souls to Christ, ev'n three Thousand being converted by me in one Day; you by your nefarious Morals and Practices have ruin'd as many, and a hundred times more. I first turn'd Rome from Heathenism to Christianity; but you have revers'd my Labours,

and

and almost reduc'd it to its prime Paganism. I, by the Almighty Concurrence, even with the Shadow of my transient Body, give Ease to the Sick; I deliver those who were possess'd with Devils; restore the Dead to Life, and was a common Good, an universal Blessing wherever I went; but I suppose no such miraculous Operations attended your noisy Triumphs. I was by my Master invested with great Power upon all Occasions; yet however I exercis'd it, I constantly aim'd at the Glory of God, and the general Benefit of all Christian Professors. But you, like an Epidemical Plague, have spread a mortal Contagion far and near; by your Care and Industry the Devil's Work has been carried on very plentifully. One would think indeed, by your indefatigable Agency for Satan, that you was resolv'd to propagate as much Impiety as possibly you cou'd in a short Time; as if you thought to be sav'd by Vices rather than by Virtues, or as if you thought Hell a better Place than Heaven, and was in love with everlasting Damnation.

Jul. You have made a fine Speech truly in Commendation of yourself; and when your Hand was in, I wonder you did not reckon your Poverty, Trudging about, your Flouts and Floggings, your Bonds and Incarcerations, and lastly your Crucifixion, among your Badges of Honour.

Pet. 'Tis true; your Hint is very just. For suffering in a good Cause is real Matter of Glory, and the more Indignities and Torments we undergo, the more honourable we ought to esteem ourselves. Our Saviour, who understood the Basis of solid Worth and Joy best of any, bad us rejoice and be exceeding glad when we suffer'd the Rage of Persecution for the Sake of Righteousness, pronouncing such passive Disciples to be superlatively Happy. So that we had all the Reason in the World to triumph when we were most disgrac'd, since every Affliction added a Jewel to our Crown, and render'd our Reward more bright and ponde-
rous

tous. The Hopes of which were enough to change
 a Dungeon into a Throne, and Racks, Torments
 and Gibbets, into Thrones of Honour, and Beds
 of Roses. Thus, Paul my Colleague, when he re-
 capitulates his Exploits as redounding to his Eli-
 mation, he makes no mention of Cities taken by
 Siege or Storm, or of Armies put to the Sword,
 of creating Animosities amongst Princes, of his ad-
 vanc'd Station in the Church, and of an universal
 Adoration of his Person. He kept at the greatest
 distance from Gloriations of that kind; but with
 an holy Pride commemorates his Stripes, Whip-
 pings, Shipwrecks, wearisome and painful Jour-
 neys, Perils of all sorts, Bonds, reviling Speeches,
 and treacherous Attempts against him. This was a
 right Apostolical Triumph, and a just Foundation
 for a Panegyrick. Like a true Christian General,
 he applauds himself in the Multitudes he has re-
 cover'd from their Infidelity, not in the Millions
 of Ducats that he has enrich'd his Treasury with.
 And as our Lives and yours were widely different,
 so is our present Condition, and will be for ever.
 We are now not only celebrating an everlasting
 Jubilee in the Regions of Bliss, but our very
 Names are also respected on Earth, not only by
 the good, but even by the worst of Men. All
 rise up at the mention of us, *and call us blessed*;
 the Kings of the World have such a venerable
 Regard for us, tho' we originally were poor Fisher-
 men and Tent-makers, as to set apart Anniversary
 Days to perpetuate our Memories. Whilst you,
 besides your Exclusion from Celestial Happiness,
 leave a most odious putrified Reputation behind
 you; whenever you are spoken of, it will be with
 the utmost Abhorrence and Execration; and if
 your Name shou'd be transmitted to Posterity in
 History or Pasquil Dialogues (as I am apt to think
 it will) certainly it will be with Contempt and
 Infamy.

Jul. Are you so good at Divination? pray what ground have you for your babbling Predictions? if you are a Conjuror, 'tis more than ever I took you for.

Pet. What I say, owes not its Veracity to Magick Art I'll assure you, but to the Divine Oracles; to consult which you wou'd not allow yourself any vacant Hours. You was too much incumber'd in National Bustles, sending of your Legates and Nuncio's up and down; you cou'd not bear so long a Cessation of Arms, so as to mind the Great Concern of Man. Your whole Business was to climb as high in the World as your Avarice and Ambition prompted you; to immerse and Plunge yourself deep in the Gratifications of Sense, to attain to an ample Fruition of Terrestrial Possessions, to live in Pomp and Gallantry, to be Great and Powerful. And were such an Assembly of carnal Appetites are got together, it is impossible for the Thoughts of Religion, or the very Desire of knowing any Thing tending thereunto, not to be extinguish'd and stifled. It is impossible that Piety shou'd have any true Interest there, where the World its Enemy is so strongly affected, or that two whose Maxims are so contradictory shou'd find an hearty Welcome in the same Bosom. It is impossible to make any extraordinary Applications to the Acquisitions of this Life, which will not clog the Search after future Happiness; the Paths are wholly different which lead to the one and to the other, and 'tis a ridiculous Contradiction to pretend to go two contrary Ways at the same Time. Christianity, as well as other Professions, requires attentive Meditation, frequent Exercise, and that with Value and Delight; there being no probability of arriving to a Proficiency therein, when we set about it with an alienated Mind. He that Lists under the Banner of Christ, must not expect to live a negligent supine Life, but must keep himself in a constant Posture of engaging in his Service; he must as much as may be stand clear

from the World, and reject its Alurements. He must be ready and willing to yield up his Inclinations to the Will of his holy Master, to deny himself, to refrain from all bodily Pleasures as incurable Poisons; to look upon Riches with a cool Indifference, and, if God commands, to be expos'd to Calamities or Death itself.

Ful. Very fine! The Pope will be in a pretty Condition if he follows your Advice. Pray what is it you allow him, if he is to be stript of his Grandeur, Wealth and Pleasures, and not only so, but he must with a sheepish Tameness lie still and hold his Throat up to be cut when Religion requires? Very wholesome Advice indeed! for one who may have it in his Power to live at ease like the Divine Epicurus, to Lord it o'er all Mankind, to roll in Money, to swim in rapturous Delights; for such a thrice happy Creature spontaneously to embrace and hug those three hagg'd Fiends, Pain; Poverty and Contempt! I am your humble Servant. Were I to live again, you might look some where else for your Bubbles, for my Part I'd be no such Fool.

Pet. It may be you think Christ himself (*who was the Wisdom of his Father*) to have been a Fool, because, *being Lord of all*, he became scorn'd and despis'd, *a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief*; because his whole Life was a Series of Misery, and because with a sheepish Tameness (which passive Temper you vilify so much) he open'd not his Mouth, but went quietly to the Slaughter.

Ful. Truly, I don't think much otherwise; and I dare swear most People now-a-days are of the same Opinion. And tho' some may seemingly extol his submissive self-denying Carriage, yet not many will be desirous to imitate him.

Pet. Whether they desire so to do or not, if they desire to be happy, they must be content to follow that Great and really Divine Exemplar. He that loves any thing more than the Blessed Jesus, will

never

never be worthy of him ; and whosoever is resolv'd to save his Life for the sake of the World, will loose it for ever. To take up the Cross is the true Characteristick of a Christian, which because 'tis so disagreeable with the Earthly Affections of most People, therefore it is usual for such to take up with that Way which requires no severe Restrictions. They think to put God off with some empty Ceremonies, trifling Externals, meer Shows and Trinkets (the well known Method of corrupted Rome) which have only the Formality, but nothing of the Substance of Religion. This may be call'd a Religion without Religion, which is a flat Contradiction. And what gawdy Professions soever such nauseous Hypocrites make of Sanctity, with their Crucifixes, Images, Processions, Beads, Holy-Water, and such like Stuff, it signifies nothing, unless it be to make them the more abominable in the Sight of God.

Ful. By the Mass, a downright Heretick !

Pet. If you had been as free from the Pollutions of the World, as I am from Heresy, you wou'd not have thus miserably incapacitated yourself for an Admission into these Regions of Glory, and an Incorporation with our blessed Society.

Ful. Incapacitated ! what do you mean ? am not I a Christian, Malepert ! nay, was I not the visible Head of the whole Body of Christians ?

Pet. If you were the Head of all the Christian Members, it wou'd represent to my Imagination the Reverse of Nebuchadnezzar's Image, which he saw in his Dream, the Head whereof was fine Gold, and the Feet Iron and Clay ; but in the Body you mention. I am sure the visible Head, which you term yourself, was base and vile enough. I wou'd not have you think I do you any Injustice, if I say you was not a Christian, your being call'd one signifies not much to the Purpose. All are not Israel which are of Israel, neither are all Christians which are nominally so. You was too much drench'd and soak'd in Terrene Impurities, to lay claim

claim to be a Member of Christ. The Sensual, Careless and Profane, (such as I perceive you have been) tho' they may enjoy the common Estimation of Members, yet are they far from being actually so. As in the Natural Body, an Arm or a Leg may be stupified with a Palsey or a Lethargy, an Eye may be out, or an Ear deaf, and these still keep their Place, tho' not their Use in the Body. So in the Mystical Body of Christ, every outward visible Member is not spiritually united to him; nor have they properly any Being or Place in that Body, who discharge not those Duties, which he the resplendant and glorious Head commands. And as it is requir'd of all the Members of Christ in general, that to the utmost of their Power they should cleanse themselves from all Filthiness both of Flesh and Spirit; so more particularly it is expected that those of the Sacred Function shou'd preserve themselves undefil'd. He must be perfectly stupid who does not perceive the horrid Incongruity of the vicious Gratifications of the World, with a Divine Vocation. And amongst Ecclesiasticks the more eminent the Station of any one is, the more closely he ought to conform to the Life of the Blessed Master and Author of Christianity. The Place and Dignity of Prelates render them more open to publick View than others; their Actions are remark'd, and have many Observators. They are the great Luminaries of the Church, which shou'd shine with a pure and spotless Light, because all Eyes are gazing upon them, to take Notice what Scum and Dimness at any time they contract. They shou'd be wary and circumspect, not only doing no Evil, but being remarkable for Goodness. They ought to be manumis'd from the Vices of the People, such as Avarice, hunting after Wealth and Lucre, Ambition, Pride, and affecting Superiority over one another, all pursuit of Secular Employments, all Distractions of Mind with worldly Affairs, all Immersion in immoderate and undue Use of sensual

sual Delights. These things are altogether unbecoming their Rank and Character, who are oblig'd to be in a more peculiar manner the Servants and Subjects of him whose Kingdom is not of this World. But in you I behold an exact Opposition to all these Requisites of a Supreme Ecclesiastick. Instead of renouncing all greedy Desires of Gain, you, *Judas* like, betray'd Religion for Money, and prefer'd the Pieces of Silver to Christ himself. Instead of discarding all Worldly Mindedness, you was up to the Head and Ears in Worldly Transactions; being always in a Hurry of Business, having your Thoughts taken up with the Perplexities of raising Contributions and Forces, making and breaking of Alliances, taking of Towns, quartering of Soldiers, providing of Ammunition, and ordering of Marches. Instead of a strict Sobriety and Moderation, Temperance and Abstinence, you indulg'd yourself in Luxury and Sensuality, and all sorts of scandalous Gratifications. What palpable Contradictions you twisted together in your single Person? That an utter Adversary to the Christian Life shou'd pretend to be Christ's Vice-gerent; That a notorious Rebel against him shou'd vaunt himself as his prime Minister; that he, who fought after nothing so much as Worldly Titles, Pomp and Greatness, shou'd not blush to be call'd the Representative of him, whose Humility and Condescension were so well known, and whose Exinanition was so stupendous. That the Demeanor of the Servant shou'd be so unlike that of the Master; That one shou'd undertake to give his Benediction to others, who his self is *Anathema Maranatha*; That he shou'd be so vain as to promise Heaven to others, from which he is for ever banish'd. In a word, that he who ought to be most holy, shou'd be the most impious Person upon Earth! This is perfectly to mock God, and abuse Men; to scandalize and profane the sacred Calling, and (as much as in you lay) to ruin the Church, whereof you claim'd the Supreme Government and Preservation. I know no Difference betwixt you

and the rankest of its Supplanters, between you and the Great Turk; excepting this one thing, that you had the better Name, and the worse Vices; and that of the two you made the greater Elopements from Christianity.

Jul. You give yourself (methinks) very free Airs about my Character; but I wou'd have you to know, that (notwithstanding your censorious Babbling) it was my Intention to enrich the Church with all manner of Embellishments. And because the profound *Aristotle* (as I have been told) reduces all Goods to those of Fortune, Body and Mind, I was unwilling to invert the Order, and make any Alteration of the Platform laid down by so acute a Philosopher; therefore I began with the Goods of Fortune, as being the capital Blessing; with which I was resolv'd to adorn Mother Church in the first place, being extreme unwilling so venerable a Matron shou'd appear in Rags, and not, like herself, in spended Habilliments. Which, when I had in some measure effected, I might perhaps by degrees have proceeded to the Goods of the Soul and Mind, and have taken Religion a little into Consideration, if I had liv'd long enough, and had not been hurried away from the World all of a sudden.

Pet. I think almost fourscore Years of Age cannot properly be call'd such a sudden, and untimely Removal from your Fellow Mortals: But I am afraid that if you had continued on Earth three times as long as you did, the Church wou'd not have been much the better for you. The Goods of Grace wou'd have had but a very small Share of your Countenance and Regard: They might have waited 'till the last Moment, before the Goods of Fortune wou'd have permitted them to be thought on.

Jul. Marry! as witty as you shew yourself upon the Goods of Fortune, they are pretty Conveniencies; Conveniencies did I call 'em? they are absolute Necessaries, and deserve to be plac'd in the Front of all Possessions, whilst others bring up the
Rear.

Rear. I am sure there is no doing without 'em; People wou'd not care a Doit for us if we appear'd in the Garb of Poverty. We shou'd strike no more Awe upon 'em than *Æsop's* senseless Log, and be counted as insignificant as the fifth Wheel of a Coach. 'Tis well known, that we Popes are not much lov'd or estimated by the prophane swacy Barbarians. But we don't mind that, so long as we have wherewithal to make 'em fear us. Which Pow'r if we had not, of guarding ourselves against the Insults of those that malign us, by opposing Force against Force, the Church wou'd soon fall to Dilapidation, and be in a despicable Condition. The Power of your Keys, without some other Power to back it, was never much valu'd by *Julius* For which reason I was once very smart upon your Keys, (you must needs have heard of that incomparable Passage) when I gave them a gentle toss into the *Tyber*, saying, that St. *Paul's* Sword wou'd be more prevalent than the Arms of St. *Peter*; and in they went i'faith. I hope you did not take it ill what I said and did, for I cou'd not forbear being witty on that Occasion.

Pet. No, by no means. 'Twere unreasonable to desire so fine a Jest to be lost. But I am rather of Opinion, that if you had been an exemplary Pattern of Holiness to Christians, had they beheld your Sobriety, Mortification and Contempt of the World, your Dilligence in the Pastoral Office, your ardent Charity, and Care for the Salvation of Souls, your Meekness, Humility and other Virtues, it wou'd have been more effectual to conciliate Respect and Reverence, than all your Armies. There is nothing doth more invite and challenge Esteem and Honour, than a godly and righteous Behaviour. There is a Majesty and Awe in the Names, Persons, Presence and Lives of good Men, which ev'n the greatest Libertines cannot but revere. Nor can I think it had been less advantageous to the common Cause of Christianity, had

Light shone before Men; it is impossible but that the Sight of your *good Works* must have conduc'd far more efficaciously to the Flourishing of the Church of Christ, and the Enlargement of its Borders, than your Amplifying its Revenues, tho' you had cast the Wealth of both *Indies* into its Lap. At present by your Male-Administration, the holy Church is contracted into a small Compass; and the pernicious Method of behaving yourself, has caus'd such a general Depravation, that if a Scrutiny were to be made for true sincere Primitive Christians, not one in a hundred (of your Subjects especially) wou'd pass Muster. Pray did you never employ your serious Thoughts when you possess'd the Chair, about the Original, the Progress and Establishment of the Church? Did the Blessed Founder thereof make his Appearance in Pomp and Magnificence? Did he chuse a glorious Palace for the Place of his Nativity? were all the Sovereigns and Princes of the Earth summon'd to give their Attendance, and pay Homage to him? did he command all their Crowns and Scepters to be laid at his Feet? Did the Religion which he taught prevail, and make its Way thro' all Impediments, by Wealth, by Chariots and Horses, by Splendour and Glory, by Violence and Tyranny, by Massacres and savage Cruelty, which make the Crescent blush, and aspiring *Rome* look red? No. But by Patience and Constancy, by suffering Indignities, Reproaches and Malice; by Oppositions on every Side, and Persecutions in every Place; by encountring Death in its most frightful Form; by a few Persons who were Sober, Righteous, Godly and lowly in Heart; who preach'd to the World the same excellant Graces which they possess'd and practis'd themselves. Thus was the Church first begun, advanc'd and settl'd, and by these Means were the Curtains of its Habitations stretch'd forth. But you grossly and scandalously Measure the Church's Increment, by the continual Accumulation

tion of worldly Grandeur to its Ministers. You reckon Legacies, Gifts, and external Decoration of Temples made with Hands, among its Ornaments; and when the Universe almost is put into an Uproar, and entangl'd in destructive Wars by your infernal Policies, you, by a strange Figure of Speech, call it the Defence of the Church. And in your Opinion the Church Flourishes, when your Adherents are loaded with Spoil and Plunder, when your Clergy fatten and wallow in sensual Ease and Luxury; and it is in a State of Tranquility, you say, when you can enjoy without interruption your ill-acquir'd Possessions, and revel in your abominable Courses without Contradiction. In a Word, when you, together with those Princes by you tutor'd, and impos'd upon by your specious tinsel Documents, have committed the most barbarous Ravages and Inclemencies upon poor Christians, then do you confidently (tho' very absurdly) give out, that you have been fighting for the Defence of Christ and his Interest.

Ful. Truly, I was always inclinable to think as you have said, and you are the first that ever rung this contrary Peal into my Ears, or that durst declaim against my Proceedings in this free Manner.

Pet. Did your Preachers never with a becoming Boldness, Zeal and Courage, tell you of your Mis-carriages, and make you sensible of your horrid Practice? I suppose you cou'd not avoid hearing them sometimes, and then how did they deal with you?

Ful. How? You may be sure with all the Deference and Respect imaginable, as it was their bounden Duty. They were so far from shewing in the Pulpit any keen Resentments of my Conduct, that they made it their Business in that Place to strain their Rhetorical Pipes in sounding forth my Commendation; they rack'd their Brains to find out the most August Epithets to bestow upon me. They'd mount me in their Elogies up to the Heavens,

vens, and compare me to *Jove*, shaking the very Foundation of the Earth with my tremendous Thunder. They preach'd me up for no less than one of the Celestial Powrs, and an universal Dispenser of Blessings, as the Sun scatters its Genial Rays throughout the World.

Pet. I am sure they acted contrary to their Duty in so doing, and show'd themselves false and daubing Prophets, thus to sooth and cherish you up with alcaliz'd Discourses, with luscious and fulsome Addresses, instead of dealing roundly and plainly with your Vices. A true Apostolical Preacher shou'd pierce and lance to the quick, encounter Sin where-ever he finds it. *There is no Respect of Persons with God*, nor shou'd there be any with his Ministers. Tho' they behold Impiety clad in Purple, and guarded with Ensigns of Authority; tho' it shelter itself in Courts and Palaces, yet it is their Duty to attack it. It might be modish and genteel (as some stile it) but sure it was a vile, wicked Part in them, to flatter you with Peace and Security, nay even with Praises, whilst you were at War with Heaven, and bidding Defiance to the Almighty. They shou'd have been as free in their Declarations against your evil Courses, as my Brother *Paul* was with *Elymas*, and as I once was with your Brother *Simon Magus*. But I confess, it wou'd have been no common difficulty to reform you; because you, who ought to have been in the highest degree *the Salt of the Earth*, and have kept the World from putrifying, was unsavoury and noisom yourself, and thereby past all possibility of Amendment, and good for nothing but to be cast out, to be utterly despis'd, disregarded, and trampled upon.

Jul. So much for your long dull Preachment on Preaching: Will you let me in or no?

Pet. To put you out of all doubt, here is no room for you. If such as you enter in, the worst upon Earth need never fear an Exclusion: But though I have

have no Commission to let you in, I will advise you for the best, according to your present Circumstances. You have Men and Money at command, (it seems) and you are an excellent Projector and Contriver; Rear up a new Paradise for yourself and your Gang; but let it be well fortified, for fear the rude cloven-footed Tribe shou'd assault it, and become Masters thereof.

Jul. Keep your Advice to yourself, I know what to do better than you can tell me. Rest satisfied I shall act as becomes the Heroick *Julius*. In a very little time I shall have a considerable Augmentation of my Forces, and I'll enter Sword in hand. I expect above Sixty thousand of the Slain in my fomented Wars, who will all repair to me as soon as ever they arrive, and then I shall be upon the Bones on ye. Then in all haste you'll be for beating the Chamade for a Party, and be glad to accept of any Terms and Conditions when 'tis too late. And since you was so pert to advise me but just now, give me leave to advise you a little before we part. If you are not a Fool or a mad Man, open the Gate immediately; this is the last time of asking.

Pet. We are certainly very much indebted to your Tendernefs and Clemency, (Dispositions rarely observ'd in you whilst you was an earthly Inhabitant) thus to propose so fair Overtures, and to give us such generous Warning; and, as a plain vulgar Adage expresses it, to bark before you bite. If you will be rul'd by me, procure *Hildebrand*, that notable Conjuror, one of your Predecessors, if he is to be obtain'd for Love or Money; and make him General of the Army which you threaten us with: For assure yourself it must be a Power supernatural, Art Magick at least, which can force open this impregnable Portal.

Jul. That same *Hildebrand* (notwithstanding your Banter) was a clever Pope, and one whom the Church of Rome was infinitely oblig'd to.

Pet.

Pet. Was he so? How comes it to pass we have not his Company? I never yet saw him amongst us: Is he with you at the Gate?

Ful. You may go look. I see 'tis not worth while to talk with you any longer, nor do I think you a fit Person to hold any further Communication with. By your Behaviour I much question whether you are *Peter*; if you were, you wou'd have more Manners than to use a Person of my Rank and Quality so boorishly; not only disobeying my Commands, but every now and then blirting out some of your Jeers, and impudent Reflections.

Pet. We are not much addicted to glossing or superfluous Compliments in these Regions of Truth and Sincerity; we always speak as we think, and assign to ev'ry one his proper Name and Character.

Ful. Well, I have no more to say to you at present; but you may be positive it shall not be long before I return seven times more formidable than I am now.

Pet. Exactly the very Method of a Diabolical Valediction, as our blessed Master and Saviour foretold in the Gospel concerning the unclean Spirit's Return! But hold, *Julius*! before you march to your own Place, tell me seriously, and in one Word, (for hitherto you have related nothing but Comical Drollery to my thinking) did you ever in your Life time so much as dream of going to Heaven?

Ful. Dream! 'Oons, you wou'd make one mad to hear you talk; why, I thought myself sure on't. What reason had I to doubt in the least of being admitted myself, when I gave Tickets frequently for the Admittance of others. Besides, is not the Bishop of *Rome Peter's* Soccessor, Heir, Executor and Administrator? and has not he as much Right (as being Christ's Vicar-General) to Heaven, and as topping a Place there, as yourself? I am sure it will be an eternal Scandal to you, if any of your supreme Metropolitan Brethren shou'd be sent to the Devil. Is he a fit Companion for a Pope? Is Infernal Dark-

ness

ness a suitable Place for a Prime Apostolical Governor ?

Pet. For such a Mock Apostolical Governor as *Julius*, it is very proper and just. You will there meet with Birds of your own Feather ; you will there be assign'd to the Society of such proud turbulent, impure Spirits, as you are most connaturaliz'd to in Temper, and such as you can't meet here to divert yourself with. I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Heaven and its Happiness ; and that if you thoroughly knew how little it wou'd answer your Expectations, you wou'd not so furiously covet to get in.

Ful. I fancy you are an Ideot by your talking. As if the most ignorant Rustick had not a sufficient Understanding of Heaven, and at the same time a Centripetal Tendency in his Desires to be fixt there.

Pet. May I know what manner of Place you imagine it to be, or if you shou'd be admitted there, (which is utterly impossible) how wou'd you spend your time ?

Ful. Wou'd you know my Thoughts of the Place ? What can I suppose it to be, but a Seat abounding with all manner of Gratifications for ev'ry Palate, Pleasures for ev'ry Inclination, a Place full of Pomp and Magnificence, abounding with glorious Palaces, exquisitely furnish'd with all Accomodations fit for the Reception of a Pope ; and that 'tis a Place which one of my Merits and Character has a Right to demand an Entrance into, and bear great Sway in, as well as all other Places in the Universe ; and that if there is any Distinction of Mansions (as I have been told there is) one of the most splendid shou'd be allotted to me ? Then as for employing myself when there, you need not trouble yourself about that. A Person of my constant Motions and Activity is never at a loss to spend his time ; nor did I ever suffer it to wear away insignificantly, 'till this foolish Conference with you. But why, I pray, did you ask this Nonsensical Question ?

Pet.

Pet. The Question is not altogether so needless and senseless as you imagine. For were you to be amongst us, (which I speak only by way of Supposition) you would be like a Fish out of its Element; nor could you ever participate with us in our Pleasures, but in Anguish inexpressible you would pine to all Eternity.

Ful. Your Reason for that I beseech you?

Pet. Do you doubt of it in the least? You will be of my Opinion, when I shall have told you in a Word or two, wherein Heaven's Happiness consists, and how every one must be qualified to enjoy it. The blessed State of Heaven consists in the Beatifick Vision of God; in knowing, loving, obeying, adoring, contemplating, and imitating that All-glorious Being; in an Acquaintance with the blessed Jesus in humane Nature, who is the express Image of God, and rais'd to the highest Dignity, and is Head and Prince of the Celestial Hierarchy. This is a main and principal Part of Heaven; but besides this, there are other blessed Ingredients of Happiness: Namely, *an intimate Conversation with Angels and Archangels, Holy Saints, (not such as your Calender is stuff'd with) Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, and glorified Spirits of the Just.* With such as these, they that are of an heavenly Disposition^l, are unspeakably satisfied and transported. But these blissful Objects and ravishing Entertainments would affect you no more, than the Beauty of Colours would a blind Mind, or a Consort of Musick one that is deaf. There is an absolute Necessity of Holiness (more real than your nauseous arrogant Title) in order to Happiness; an indissoluble Connexion betwixt Grace and Glory; it being impossible for a sensual Soul, for a corrupt Will and Inclination to relish the foremention'd Pleasures. For between a spiritual Heaven and a carnaliz'd Mind, between a divine Employment and a devilish Temper (as yours is) there is an irreconcilable Contrariety. And for such a Mind to live happily upon such a Heaven, is as un-

unpracticable in the Nature of the Thing, as for a hungry Wolf to fill his Belly with Syllogisms, or satisfy his Appetite upon a Lecture of Philosophy. Supposing therefore, that you, or others like you, were translated into the foremention'd glorious Society, they being all over so abominably Worldly, Brutish and Diabolical, they wou'd have an implacable Aversion to a Consortship with essential Purity, and the innumerable refin'd Images of God the most perfect Archetype. Likeness is the greatest Indearment of Love, and the most natural Foundation of Delight and Complacency. But every wicked Person is so totally unlike to that immaculate Holiness of God, that 'tis impossible he shou'd heartily love him, nay, 'tis impossible for him not to retain an eternal Antipathy against him. You therefore that have launch'd into Eternity with detestable Inclinations of Soul, unreconcil'd to God, and all the Exercises of Heaven, and which Inclinations and Byasses are now for ever unalterable: If you (I say) shou'd come amongst us, you wou'd be confin'd to a Society of such Spirits, whom you cou'd never agree with, and be contemper'd to. So that you wou'd loath your Condition, and chuse rather to convey yourself from it for ever, it being so unsuitable to your Will and Affections; it wou'd be a Torment instead of a Fruition, and a real Grievance to be forc'd to endure it. You wou'd everlastingly long and hanker after such Things that you were accusom'd to on Earth, and which in Heav'n you wou'd find yourself for ever depriv'd of. For alas! in our Regions of Bliss, things are quite otherwise than what your gross Imaginations inculcates to you. Here are no republicks to be subverted, no Princes to be trampil'd on, no hostile Forces to be routed, no Ovations and publick Triumphs for Victories obtain'd. There never was any War but once in these Celestial Abodes, and those that caus'd it were quickly banish'd thence to the place where you will be speedily consign'd. Here are

no bloody Inquisitions, no Torturing and Martyring the stedfast Professors of Christ (God's dearly beloved) under the Pretext of a Zeal against Heresy. No lofty Chairs for a vain-glorious, imposthumated Pope, to be exalted and carried in ; no Circle of tympaniz'd Cardinals to surround you ; no glossing Romanists to compliment you with Hyperbolick Titles, to term you (who was not much different from a Devil Incarnate) their Lord, their Terrestrial Deity ; to pay a Divine Adoration to you themselves, and enact Laws for others to do the same. Here is no Violence and Oppression, Injustice and Treachery ; no sharp-ey'd Knavish Policy ; no Insincerity and Craftiness of Temper ; no Lies and Falshoods ; no disguising with Equivocal Reservations ; no subtle Traps and Snares, nor villanous Ambushes laid in Words ; but on the contrary, we converse together with the greatest Openness and Freedom, we notify our Intentions, unfold our Hearts, and unbosom ourselves one to another, without the least Reserve or Disimulation. Again, here is no Pontifical Exchequer to swallow up vast Treasures, which by scandalous Ways and Means you wipe the People of. Here are no Theatrical Spectacles, lewd Games and Festivities ; no Rioting, no indulging of bodily Pleasures, by devouring, swilling and pampering ; no Fornications, Adulteries, nor unnatural brutal Debaucheries ; no Pimps, Panders and Promoters of Obscenities. In a Word, we reverse your Way of living, and for ever tread Antipodes to all your Delights and Gratifications ; here being no Opportunities for those detestable Vices, which you (beyond all others) have been Filthily wallowing in all your Lifetime. So that Heav'n, tho' it contains noble Entertainments for Minds that are contemper'd to them, to you wou'd be a barren Wilderness, where no Good grows that you cou'd live upon, none but what is nauseous and distastful to your coarse and vitiated Palate.

Gen. If the Case is thus, I don't see what Business we have to stay here any longer, we may e'en be packing; for I am sure (*Master Julius*) I know so much, you are no more tun'd and adapted for Heav'n, than a miry Sow is for a royal Bedchamber.

Pet. Peace, *Genius*, your time is not yet come to interrupt.

Gen. It will come presently, I perceive.

Ful. You have told me a great deal of News, but I shall not give much Credit to your Bamboozling Story.

Pet. Have not you been told the same Things in the Sacred Writings?

Ful. What sacred Writings do you mean?

Pet. The Canonical Writings.

Ful. I suppose you mean our Canons and Decrees, inserted in our Decretals.

Pet. No such Trumpery. I mean the sacred Scriptures, which were pen'd by Persons whom the Holy Ghost inspir'd and dictated to, which compose the Books call'd the Old and New Testament.

Ful. O, ho! the Bible as Folks call it. Truly I am very little acquainted with it, as I have told you before, having scarce ever look'd into it. A Passage or two, which were for my purpose, I made a Shift to obtain by Hear say. But this Bible-mentioning of yours, confirms me in what I suspected of you, that you are turn'd Recreant, and are of the Hereticks Side. They talk much after the same Manner, idolize this same Bible, and are very pragmatically busy with it. For my part I always abominated these Bible-Worms; nor did I ever judge it for the Honour or Advantage of the Pope, to encourage, or even to tolerate the Poring upon that Book; it generally tending to Innovations, strange Doctrines, impertinent Scrutinies, and Contempt of our Authority; which evil Consequences I wonder that *Peter* shou'd not be sensi-

ble of. But (with a Murrain) must I wait here at the Gate till my Toes ake with cold? those Toes that Kings have been proud to salute!

Pet. Are you cold, say you? you will soon be cur'd of that Distemper, when you go to your fiery Habitation. Not that of Purgatory, from whose fabulous and temporary Flames you have chous'd many a poor Soul with a promis'd Deliverance, when Money has interpos'd; but to the real, substantial and eternal Fire, prepar'd for the Devil and his Angels, and such as yourself. There you will have Heat enough and to spare.

Gen. Well, all is over, you see; now come away, let's be marching. My Master *Beelzebub* has wav'd his commanding Wand, the Signal of my attending his Will and Pleasure. Come along.

Pet. Hold thou *Evil Genius*, answer me first to one Question. Are all Popes of the same Stamp with this Monster?

Gen. To be plain with you, there is not much difference. But *Julius* (to give him his due) deserves the Post of Captain General over them all. He was a Non-Pareille.

Pet. It may be you instigated him to this horrid degree of Wickedness.

Gen. I instigate him! marry, you don't do me Justice in saying so. He far outstrip'd me in all manner of Impiety; I had need have had a Pair of Wings to overtake him. I was downright distanc'd.

Pet. It is no wonder so few of those who are bigotted to Popes, come hither to us, when they are so deplorably misled by these nefarious Pretenders to Supremacy and Sanctity, and fatally deluded with the Shams of mercenary Pardons, Prayers for 'em when dead, Pilgrimages, Holy-Water, Crucifixes, Extreme Unctions, and such like Trash. 'Tis pity the credulous Vulgar shou'd be thus miserably impos'd upon by such Agents of Satan, under the plausible Appellation of Popes; by which
once

once honourable Name the Bishops of the Primitive Church were promiscuously call'd as * Fathers. But it has been so long (it seems) misapplied to such scandalous Ecclesiastick Governors, that it has found the like hard Measure with those other once dignify'd Names of Tyrant and Sophister; and from a Title of Honour, is degenerated into a Term of the greatest Reproach and Infamy.

Gen. You are in the right; but it belongs not to me to speak against and bespatter our own Fraternity. *A Kingdom (you know) divided against it self cannot stand.* Adieu. Come *Julius*, budge along.

Ful. Thou impudent, infernal Jackanapes! must I be commanded by you? Where the Devil are you dragging me? O, that I cou'd but take one turn more at *Rome*, and have the managing of you there, I'd make an Example of your Genius-ship. I'd in the first Place deliver you up to the Inquisition, where you'd be nicely handl'd; then with my Anathemas wou'd I send you to the lowest Pit in your Master's Dominions. And this I'd do by my own Authority, given under the Fisher's Seal, let *Peter* contradict it if he durst.

Gen. There is an old Proverb on my side, *Curæ Cows have short Horns.* Thanks to the Fates, I am pretty well out of the terrible danger of your Fury at present; and I think I may venture to give you a cast of my Office.

Ful. Help here, *Julius* is set upon ——— violent Hands are laid on his Holiness Pope *Julius*. What no Body fly to his Assistance? ——— Pardon for all Sins that have been or shall be committed for an Hundred Years, out of our Apostolical Plenitude. To all and singular who ———

Gen. What delirious Fancies run in the old Doctor's Noddle! You may keep your Indulgences and Pardons to stop Bottles with. Do you see (old

G 2

Gentle.

Gentleman) those Soot-colour'd Attendants, who are advancing-towards us?

Ful. They look like Devils, who e'er they be.

Gen. The very same; and they are come to wait upon you to your new Quarters. Here, I deliver up into your Possession your own proper Goods, Pope *Julius II.* Take him and convey him where you are order'd.

Ful. Unhand me ye Acherontick Dogs!—— Help, help, good People help.

Gen. So, —— a good Journey to you. I must away, and ply at the next Successor to Infallibility.





EPILOGUE

To the foregoing

DIALOGUE.

THUS these Dialogists anatomize
 Rome's Popes, and well expose 'em to your Eyes;
 Christ's precious Vicars in this Mirror true,
 Are nicely represented to your View;
 Old Julius speaks for all, nor is't uncouth,
 To say, of Pontiffs all, He is the Mouth.
 What all? that seems too hard: Well, I'll retract,
 Some few (as black Swans rare) may better act;
 But sure, what Julius frankly has confest,
 Is in the Name of almost all the Rest.

Alas! now Pope and Piety are two,
 Like the World's Poles, they from each other go:
 He from his Master's Service long has fell,
 And to his Work some Ages bid farewell:
 Feed Sheep and Lambs! 'tis a most foul Disgrace;
 The bloated Vicar is above the Place;
 Such Drudges Pastoral let others be,
 That Office ne'er with Pontiffs will agree:
 They'll have their Kingdom here, unlike the Text,
 They'll grasp this World, let who will take the next.

They

*They love to roll in Wealth, to bask in Ease,
 And their voluptuous Inclinations please :
 They love in State and Grandeur to appear,
 And universally to domineer ;
 Upon the Necks of Kings to set their Feet,
 And make those Royal Lips their Slippers greet.
 What Spirit actuates the Triple Crown,
 Ten thousand Histories have handed down ;
 Whose Narratives afford us this Remark,
 That Pontiff's Counsellors are Angels dark.
 They justify what sportive Painters here
 Describe, where Devil is to Pope placed near,
 Breathing his Antichristian Maxims in his Ear.*

*How oft they canonize the worst of Men,
 To write whose very Names wou'd fright my Pen !
 How oft at Murders of the deepest Dye,
 They wink, often command, oft sanctify !
 Like that tremendous Deed, when once ('tis said)
 Poison was mixt in Consecrated Bread.
 In fine, Rage, Avarice and matchless Pride,
 With all the black Artillery beside,
 In Popes as in their proper Seat abide.*

*Ye noble Army of blest Martyrs, say,
 What Heathens use more Cruelty than they ?
 Who, had they Pow'r co-equal to their Will,
 (Italians true) wou'd damn as well as kill.
 Let Holy Church throughout the World confess
 Who are more opposite to Holiness,
 Tho' with that Title fine, their putrid selves they dress !
 As Rhetoricians by their Rules of Art,
 Sometimes Names contrary to Things impart ;
 So Saint-like Names to their sweet selves they give ;
 Figures alas of Speech ! for we know how they live.
 Thus they'll be Christn'd (grossly impudent !)
 Celestine, Benedict, and Innocent ;
 Urbane and Clement, Pius, Boniface,
 Meer Names Theatrical, and pure Grimace.*

At Peter's Trust yet these Impostors aim,
 Nay, they will far surmount that Saint of Fame,
 And Power of the Keys unrivall'd claim.
 They swear they can, and they alone admit,
 Into Cæstrial Joys, whom they think fit;
 To scow'ring Purgatory Sinners send,
 Or to Infernal Flames which never end.
 Could'st thou, O Prime Apostle, stoop to know,
 From thy exalted Mansion, Things below;
 Thy Indignation it would justly move,
 To see what Monsters thy Successors prove.
 How to thy Zeal Divine they counter run,
 How unlike thee in ev'ry Point but one;
 They with one Passage of thy Life comply,
 When once (with Fear oppress'd) thou didst deny.
 Thy Lord and God; they act thy Crime 'tis true,
 Did they act thy Remorse, full well they'd do,
 For Floods of Tears did thy Repentance shew;
 Whilst they in Works deny their God much more,
 But not like thee their Wickedness deplore.

Thrice happy Natives of the British Isle!
 Whom, free from Papal Usurpation vile,
 No longer Rome's Corruptions now defile.
 With Shame be't spoke, long to this Baal did we,
 Wrapt up in misty Errors, bow the Knee;
 Long time Great Britain's Monarchs were content,
 To rule as Seconds in their Government:
 The single Crown with Triple durst not cope;
 Appeals ne'er went to Cæsar, but the Pope.
 To him was sworn Supreme Pre-eminence,
 And he in Peter's Name had Tributary Pence.
 Thus was our glorious Isle the Pontiff's Ass,
 Gull'd with the Shows and Trinkets of the Mass;
 Till the great Wheel of Fate did kindly run,
 And the Eighth Henry, like a Rising Sun,
 Disspell'd the Fogs; by him the Work was first begun:
 He first from England show'd to Pope the way,
 Where he ne'er absolutely since bore Sway:
 Yet thrice this Dragon to re-enter try'd.
 As oft kind Heav'n did his Attempts deride;

And

*And by a mighty stretch'd-out Arm secure,
The purest Church from disgorg'd Floods impure:*

*The first Repulse the fam'd Ehza gave,
Next a Ninth Henry, most timely brave;
Our sinking State the second time did save.
Nor was our last Deliverance less strange,
When George, the once more black'ning Scene did change.
Scarce was this Monarch of his Throne possess'd,
And by the Good most heartily carest,
When, lo! again the papal Locusts swarm'd,
And with a third Attempt our Realms alarm'd.
Some (such as all Mankind must needs explode
Who, Viper like, their Native-Bed corrode)
Internal Foes did their Arrival court.
And aid them in this third and last Effort.
Their last, I say, for now all Danger's past;
Our Great Physician, George, says 'tis their last.
As Mead or Garth, those mighty Sons of Art,
When they pronounce no Hopes, he must depart.
The Death-struck Patient has not long to live;
Just such Assurance can our Monarch give,
Of a papistick Rule expiring here,
No Hope are left for that, for Us no Fear;
No Fear of Rome's Adherents stirring more,
Their last Convulsive Struggling Kicks, are o'er.*

*This well-concluding Stroke, this final Blow,
To thee, next to the King of kings, we owe:
To Thee, Great George, by Heaven sent for this,
Like Moses, to conduct us into Bliss.
May'st Thou, and Thy Renown'd Posterity,
These Realms enjoy, and them for ever see
From Popery, and dire Domestick Factions free.*

10 JAGO

FINIS